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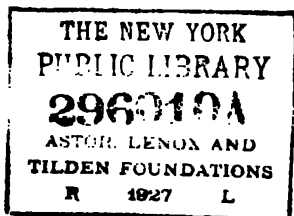
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CORRECTION.—For 50,000 Erie (page 3), read 5,000 Erie.  
For 50,000 of different parties, read 5,000 of different parties.



## LIFE AND DEATH.

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### CHAPTER I.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Eugene Tipsell had not yet gone to lunch. Something was on his mind, and he couldn't get rid of it. He tried to write, but it was no go. Then he took up a paper and endeavored to read it out of his head, but the news seemed stale, and he flung it aside. Next he lit a cigar, and walked up and down his room in a stealth-like manner, while his clerk busied himself copying some letters; for you must know Eugene was a broker, and assumed a business if he had it not.

Though a first-class scoundrel, he was received everywhere, for he had not yet been found out. Besides, he came of a good family, and the mere momentum of respectability often carries itself through two or three generations of unworthies. He was not tall, but well-made

and very handsome. The human race deteriorates in size as man's intellect devises methods by means of which it can rise superior to brute force. To a keen observer, however, there was an expression about his small mouth, and cold, gray eyes, that, at first sight, locked up your confidence.

The thunder-cloud, which he expected with a troubled mind, was coming. It had turned the corner of Pearl street in the shape of a man in a rage. It crossed Wall street, muddy as it was, without looking down, and nearly ran over an apple-woman. Two merchants had stood in its way for a minute, but jumped aside, as, with an oath, it rushed past them, entered a long alley-way, ascended two flights of stairs, and, without knocking at room 34, banged open the door, and, going straight up to Eugene, shaking its fist in his face, exclaimed :

"You are an infernal scoundrel ; and that's my opinion !"

"Hold on a minute, Phil," said Eugene, turning very pale, and quietly pointing to his clerk—for if he possessed any virtue, it was self-control at the proper time. His freezing-point was 32°, and he never boiled beyond 212°.

"Don't you see, sir, we're not alone ?"

"I don't care who hears it. Every body

knows it, or will, soon enough ;” and, going up to the fire-place, he commenced to kick the grate.

“Dripps,” said Eugene, holding out a note.

“Yes, sir.”

“Take this to Hammer & Co., and wait for an answer.”

“Yes, sir.”

Left alone with Phil, a thin-skinned man, Eugene locked his desk, put the keys in his pocket, got up, and shut the door.

“Now, Phil,” said he, offering him a cigar, which was indignantly refused, “fire away, old boy! In the first place, what’s the matter? Why don’t you take things coolly? I always said you were too nervous to come down-town.”

“Take things coolly, when a fellow’s cheated you, and don’t seem to care one curse whether you know it or not! Eugene Tipsell, you’ve sold me; but I’ll not stand it. I have come for my money, and have it I will.”

“Your money, man! Why, what do you mean?”

“Didn’t we agree to go in for a big thing, last Monday? I was to sell 50,000 Erie, and you were to buy 50,000 of different parties. It being a sensitive market, it was sure to go somewhere.”

Eugene nodded quietly, took a seat, and put his legs on the table.

Phil continued :

"If it went down, you were to fail, and I was to give you half my profits. But if it went up, I was to fail, and you were to sell out on the reaction, and divide your profits with me." He paused and bit his lips, for it was very difficult to control himself.

Eugene nodded again, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and said :

"Go on ; I'm listening."

"Well, you know as well as I do what happened. Erie went up, and so did I, and I failed, according to promise. In fact, I'm a ruined man. But, though I've sent message after message to you, not one line have I received ; and, when I called, your boy—as bad as yourself, I believe—told me you were out of town."

"So I was, Phil. I had to see a party, and couldn't put it off. But, my dear fellow, you're wrong about one thing. We only talked the matter over ; we never signed any agreement. We made no contract."

"Contract !—agreement ! Why, you black-hearted villain, you know as well as I do nobody signs any thing in Wall street but checks

for differences or margins ! No, sir ; this won't do. You got on the right side, and have made, I'm told, over thirty thousand dollars by this transaction, and now you want to dodge me, but you sha'n't do it. I'll follow you to your grave before I'll give up my lawful money. I'll hunt you down, you scoundrel !”

“ Lawful money !” replied Eugene, with a sneer. “ Why, Phil, where's the lawful money you owe your creditors ? You call me a scoundrel ; for goodness' sake, what are you ?”

“ I'm a desperate man, Eugene Tipsell ; and I warn you, if you don't send me your certified check for my full share before twelve o'clock to-morrow, I'll post you all over the streets. Is this a proper return for blackening my soul, that you may grow rich ?”

Eugene looked up, a little surprised. Not at the language—he didn't care two pins for that ; but he saw more of determination and strength in Phil's countenance than he supposed him capable of. Hastily passing his hand over his face, he brushed off the scowl of hatred, and, coming forward like a frank man, said :

“ My dear boy, I was only trying you. I wanted to see what stuff you were made of. You need no guardian. Any man who gives as much as he takes, can look out for himself.

See here! as a proof that I'm in earnest, there are my profits on that purchase—*our* purchase, I should say. Thirty thousand fools! They always get a man's gains too high and his losses too low, on the street."

"Didn't you clear \$30,000, then?" asked Phil, looking over the "statement."

"Nothing of the kind. There's the whole transaction—purchase, sales, interest, commissions, taxes, and stamps; and, if you can make it more than \$18,754.32, you are a smarter man than I am."

"Now, don't go off half-cocked again. Recollect, you are not talking to a hod-carrier. I don't need a blow to be driven to my duty; a snap of the whip is enough for me. Come, now, Phil; we've been friends a long time, and done well by each other. I'll pass over what you've said; but don't repeat such language again. There's my hand, and I'll have the money ready for you by eleven o'clock to-morrow. Call yourself. There'll be no mistake this time."

Phil put out his hand, but drew it back again.

"Something tells me, Eugene, that you are lying. I'll wait, and see for myself."

"Then you'll not wait here!" cried Eugene,

springing at him. "You insult a gentleman after he's given you his word? Leave my office, sir, or I'll put you out!"

He was about to carry out his threat, when Dripps entered the room with the answer. Both men cooled down; and Phil, going to the door, held up one finger, saying, "To-morrow, at twelve o'clock," and went off.

Eugene tossed the answer on his desk, sat down, and wrote the following telegram:

"JAQUE BRITE,

—— Hospital, New York city.

"Breakers ahead. Bring a life-preserver at once. KIDD."

He took it himself to the telegraph-office, and returning, sent Dripps, on his way home, with a note to Ben Strode, "a middle-man"—one who goes between you and your customers, but has no official position. Strode came in.

"I say, Ben, are you up for a job? Have you thought of what I told you this morning?"

"Yes—any thing for a commission. How much is it this time?"

"It is a pretty heavy matter, but the profit's large."



"That's the ticket! What is it? I'm your man; only name the price."

"A thousand dollars, if you'll take Phil to the theatre to-night."

"Why, you're joking, man! Nothing else—sure?"

"Yes; you're to take a drink or two in the course of the evening, and, at some auspicious moment, empty this liquid into one of his glasses of whiskey."

"What!—poison the man? Eugene Tip-sell, you're positively getting low."

"Poison him? Not at all. It'll only make him drowsy, I give you my word."

"And honor, I suppose!—ha, ha! Well, you're a queer stick, anyhow."

"Come, man," said Eugene, angrily; "there's no time to fool. Yes, or no? I'll wait outside the door, and you can bring him to me as soon as you see him under the influence of the morphine. It's only that, I swear."

"Well," said Strode, examining the vial with a critical eye, "if that's all, I agree."

"Then run round the corner and engage your seats at once. Here's five hundred dollars on account. Try and get the most conspicuous place you can. I want him seen. But mind," said he, "don't mention my name to him. He's

mad about some idiotic dream, which is simply the reaction of his mind, and has got me all mixed up in it. Let's see; it's nearly five o'clock now. You've just time to do it smoothly."

"What's the play?" asked Strode, with mock interest."

"Hang the play!" said Eugene.

"Don't trifle, Ben. This is an important matter to me. Shut the door as you go out."

Strode disappeared, but returned a moment after, and, putting his head in the doorway, said:

"Look here, Tipsell: I was just thinking that if any thing goes wrong with Phil, and I was seen last with him, it might go hard with me. How's that for sharp, eh?"

"You've got nothing to fear, man," Eugene answered, smiling in spite of himself; "for, if you are seen with him at the theatre, as soon as you deliver him to me you can return to your seat, and then you will be seen without him. So you couldn't have a hand in it. Besides, every body knows he never stays through any play."



## CHAPTER II.

It was now eight o'clock, and pitch-dark. The sun, whom some believe to be made up of the souls of the dead good, had gone to bed early, for it was tired of seeing ruined men that day. "Puss in the Corner" had been played to perfection; and Wall street had got its back up.

Two men—both strong, both villains, one lame—stood in Eugene's back office while he counted out some money and shoved it over to them, saying, in his sternest manner :

"Chubbs, there's to be no nonsense about things. Do you mind?"

"Never you fear, sir. Just bring the man to us, and, if he escapes, you can put a head on me. This isn't our first job. Jaque, we know how to do a feller; don't we?"

"That, indeed!" cracking his knuckles.

"All right, men! Be on the spot at ten o'clock, and look out for me. The moment it's over, I'll double your money."

"How would you like the body served, sir?"

"Served? What do you mean?"

"Some say a neat shot goes home; but the noise ginerally jars my nerves," said Chubbs, biting a large hunk of tobacco off a "nigger-head" plug, as though he had a nose between his teeth and was trying to get away.

"More times," struck in Jaque, "others sez, sez they, Knock him in the head with a sand-club, and, if he's found, why, apoplectics or palatic stroke is the verdict, and no columbious remarks is made. But, for my part, I goes in for a clean wash."

"A clean wash! Why, what is that?" said Eugene Tipsell, shuddering all over as he found himself so near those mighty engines of the devil.

"A dip, to be sure—just a long dive, and a come-up after hours; that's all. For my part, if you're not particular, I goes in for a clean wash; and then, if the body stays down, why, so much the better."

"Well, you be on hand, and, whichever comes easiest, do it. Only do it through and through."

"All right, your honor."

"Mind, at ten to-night."

"At ten to-night, sir." And, locking arms, they walked down stairs and disappeared.

When you see a man wind up his watch before going out to dine, look out. The same rule applies to fire-arms.

Tipsell took out his revolver, examined the loads, replaced it, and, as quickly as he could, turned out the gas and hurried away. Bad men do not like to be alone in lonely places, especially when bad deeds are on their minds.

Every body who was any body had gone home long ago. Even the cleaners of the banks and offices had swept out and washed their respective rooms. An empty stage rumbled by, with its tired wheels groaning at this never-ending jog. Two insurance patrols, and a lonely policeman, with the manner of a man out of place, passed him as he sped on his way to the City Hall Park. Going up to a "night-owl"—one of those hacks that drive all night—he said to the coachman :

"What will you charge to take me and my friend through the town? I want a contract."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere and everywhere. That's my business."

"Oh! you're out for a lark."

"Yes—a lark."

"Well, being's it's you, twenty-five dollars, and no questions asked."

"Done!" said Eugene. "But mind, no questions asked, and nothing told; for I'm in for a spree."

"Never you fear! What's it to me where you go? Sure'n' haven't I made the tour of New York by gaslight and moonlight, and no light, for the matter of that, these last five years a-coming Michaelmas; and what int'rest could I scare up on this occasion? Why, these hosses knows as much as I. Only turn 'em down the street, and be jabbers, if they don't shtop at the very doore while their boss is in the land of Nod!"

"That'll do. Jump on your box. Now drive me where I can get something to eat. Come, be lively!"

About this time Strode arrived at the theatre with Phil, after their first drink. They were well-dressed, as all down-town men are, and took their seats just as the second scene exposed to view a fairy grotto and a demon-dance. The play was by-play, can-can, nonsense—can-can, nonsense-by-play; but there was fine music and a rapturous ballet. It was a success.

"I say, Strode," said Phil, "your note, you know, comes due to-morrow."

"Oh, yes; I'll make that all right. I deposited the money this very morning."

"Don't give me the slip this time. Eight hundred dollars is quite an item to me. Every body cheats me nowadays. Besides, I'm getting skeptical."

"If you don't believe me, Phil, as soon as this Act's over I'll go home with you and give my check on the spot. But see! here comes the great *danseuse*. Look at the play, man! Don't be so fidgetty!"

"That for the play!" said he, snapping his fingers. "I'm sick of plays. Come, let's take a drink." And, getting up, out he walked as the scene shifted, followed by his evil genius, who bowed to several friends sprinkled among the audience.

"What a pity!" said a select party in a private box opposite. "See that handsome man with light hair!"

"What's the matter with him?" said a chained brother, envying his freedom.

"Why, I never go to any new play that I don't see him. And he always goes out after every Act. I suppose it's as pa says—to take a drink."

And so it was. Strode and himself went down-stairs. What a pity, indeed! A casual

observer would have said, "This man was once intended for a Christian;" but Nature out-flanked him, and down-hill he went, faster than he thought.

Both emptied their glasses, for one was mad and the other wasn't. They returned to their seats and watched the play. Phil became less noisy. He clapped out of place, and laughed during a trying scene; but he kept more quiet, and, towards the end of the Third Act, dozed off into a listless silence.

"I say, old boy," said Phil, "what horrid stuff they sell nowadays! I wish I didn't drink. Come! enough of this. Let's go; this place is getting too hot."

Feeling very happy, he took Strode's arm and stumbled along, pushing his way out. The cool air freshened them both up a little. Strode walked on as rapidly as Phil would let him. He felt nervous, and was already tired of the job; but it was too late now, and on he went, across one street and down another, till they met a carriage with two men on the box and one inside—Eugene.

"Is zis our hack?" asked Phil, feeling very much exhausted.

"Yes; get in."

"I'm ver'glad I haven't gotany fam'ly,



'cause I can stay out all night. Isay, Strode, give us a drink; I'm so thirsty! D'ye know, a fellow who can't spell 'plen'p'tenshry' must be drunk, if he wasn't so sleepy?" And he fell back, more dead than alive.

"Drive on," said Strode, closing the door, and returning to his seat in the theatre.





### CHAPTER III.

MRS. HEAVYCLOVER was essentially an adverb, and she gloried in it. Say what you will, it takes a woman to qualify a man ; and Mrs. Heavyclover prided herself on it. She was, indeed, "*sui generis*," with a great deal of the "*sui*." Two successive husbands had been qualified down to nearly perfection by her ; but—like the man and his horse, just as the straw sufficed for dinner—both her husbands died.

Some unkind persons had hinted that qualifying, as practised by Mrs. Hard, afterwards Mrs. Tone, and lastly Mrs. Heavyclover, was heroic treatment, consisting of lecturing and crushing ; but, to use her own words, "a family, to be successful, must be reduced to a state of syntax. Life is made up of parts of speech. When I married him he was only a weak noun ; and pray, what is a noun ? Merely the name of any person or thing. Clover was nothing then, and what is he now ?"

"A battered adjective," some one suggested, and christened him "Heavyclover;" hence his name.

Among the parts of speech that crowded together to make up her family, were three little comparative degrees, called by the neighbors "small, smaller, smallest;" but, taking the first from the time it was an indefinite article, "a," she weaned it into "the," and tossed it over to Heavyclover to look after as an unruly preposition, sometimes "with," at others "in" or "by," never "from."

"It," the pronoun, called so because it always "stood in the way," was knocked about as only a pronoun can be; one moment shoved over to a chair, the next it stood for a spanking-machine. Often did Mrs. Heavyclover lift it by the ears till it took upon its little shoulders the shifted sins of the entire family.

The last, a little interjection, was used as a mark of admiration by this grammatical woman on all occasions; being literally thrown in between all sorts of conversations, and held up for the finishing off of divers visits from bored friends. It was indeed a splendid specimen of solidified milk.

In vain did Mr. Heavyclover claim his right to interfere as a father, if not as a medical man,

against the modern methods of putting a child to sleep.

"My dear," said he, one bright day, "if I were asked my opinion, I should say, 'Let a child go to sleep, but never put it. You cannot force repose.'"

"Yes, monster; but nobody has asked your advice. You men know nothing of such things. The nursery is beyond your horizon."

"My dear, I know it seems we don't. Our place is to support our children, and your privilege is to hold them; but couldn't little 'Oh' sit up for half an hour? It is so lively!"

"Certainly not, sir! Do you want to upset all regularity in my nursery?"

"No, Jane; but I thought that, if a poor little thing like that never sat up and looked about her, she might grow up the wrong way. See, even now her stomach is bigger than her head. Nature and instinct seem to indicate that something must rise."

Taking strongly after its mother, at first it cried, and cried with perfect freedom, wishing to develop for itself. But "three months old" was late enough; it must be broken in and parsed.

"My dear," said the devoted spouse, backing away a little from her vicinity, "don't you

think you might make it giddy by your constant——”

“Silence, sir! What do you know about babies? Why, it’s after eleven o’clock, and she hasn’t had her morning nap!” So saying, Mrs. Heavyclover prepared for work. She never did any thing by halves.

“Bring that rocking-chair nearer the fire.”

He brought it. Mrs. Heavyclover had flushed. He dared not speak now.

Did you ever see a farmer pick a chicken in a hurry? If so, you would be prepared for what is coming. Taking up the child as though it was a large lump of dough, she rolled it to pin it, and kneaded it into a passive mass of obedient flesh, for as yet it had no mind. “Oh” struck for wages, but it was no go; for, just as it commenced to bawl, she pounced upon it in its horizontal position, with its loose head lying over her knees, and began at once to churn its brain by pounding the foot up and down on the hard floor. The effect was magical! At first the little thing, possessed of instinct if not intelligence, protested by a full-grown shriek. So would you, or I, or even Mother Heavyclover, if it had been done to her; for children can have headaches as well as grown people. But ere long concussion of the brain caused the con-

tents of its little skull to be shaken up into a temporary hash; and, what with jerks and rocking, congestion of the brain set in, and the conquered infant, made by the Almighty with eyes to see and ears to hear, and make it smile at pleasing sights and noises, in order that its little lungs might be inflated by a gentle cooing, ceased to live, practically speaking, and, like a run-down clock, gave no more trouble, for it stirred not.

"There!" said the noble matron; "William, see for yourself. That child's asleep at last. Now, mind you, learn how to do it, for I've no idea of spending my valuable time in holding your babies, when important things have got to wait."

And what were the things that were more important than the tender care of a loving mother?

Besides swearing by Lindley Murray as the *vade mecum* of true life, Mrs. Heavyclover was a Spiritualist. Mediums had to be consulted and reports made out for the "Woman's Upright Work Society." Like all "strong-minded" females, she had a strong will but weak mind. Her children were too small to get down to, or her vocation was too high—you couldn't say which. Home was too near to see its neces-

sities; but the unborn heathen, or distant wives tied down to sulky husbands, had to be taught how to qualify them; and she certainly did much to stir up matters, for she caused more divorces than any Western lawyer.

"Show me a man that I cannot parse," was Mrs. Heavyclover's favorite remark, "and I will show you one not fit to qualify. When you are married, the Prayer-Book says little about husbands; it speaks of 'man and wife.' They should never quarrel. Substances signifying the same thing agree in case."

With her, a bad man was "very bad," but a good man only "pretty good." She had her adverbs under full control.

She was tall, like an overgrown exclamation! with a comma for a nose, the only apparent means of defence against the crowding together of two jealous periods as eyes. An ellipsis — formed her mouth, flanked on each side by a shower-bath of down, and out of which came yellow breath. Little quotations might be seen curling all around her head, while her voice resembled cannon-balls in convulsion. She talked so loud you could hear her think. All that was good in her she acknowledged to be derived from Lindley Murray—the only man, in her opinion, who did not require qualifying.

He had several times communicated to her, through a drowsy medium, astounding revelations. She at once read his life, and ever after followed his precepts. The family consisted now of five; but Mrs. Heavyclover's idea of perfection was a well-scanned hexameter.

Poor Heavyclover, however, had been so qualified on the birth of each hopeful, that he determined to stick, in future, to blank verse; and he did so.

Only once he took a stand and met the enemy; but she was not his. "My dear," said he, one day, "you acknowledge man to be a noun?"

"Well, and if I do!" cannon-bawled his wife; "what then?"

"And woman an adverb?"

"Well!"

"How can an adverb qualify a noun?"

"Simpleton! An unmarried man is a noun; but when he enters the responsible sphere of domestic bliss he becomes an adjective. For instance: what sense is conveyed by 'clover'? It signifies, literally, nothing; only a dry fact—'clover.' But, when married and an adjective, it is Happyclover; and, if a dutiful spouse, I qualify you, and you become Very Happyclover."



"Very! But, my dear——"

"Don't be a fool! That's a noun, too."

He retired from the field; but, when securely locked in his little room, with the key-hole stopped up by a handkerchief, he applied syntax to his wife, and wrote her out as he saw her:

"Jane Heavyclover—an active frantic verb of the third conjugation; infernal mood, imperfect tense, first person (always), dual number, governed by nobody, and the result of such examples of extemper as—'I will have!' 'Let me be!' or 'Thou wast!' And, biting his nails, he uttered a very naughty word.

Some doctors might be called "Nonopaths," and some women, with equal justice, "Killopaths!"





## CHAPTER IV.

IN the elegant drawing-room of a beautiful country-house, situated at a fashionable watering-place, a young married lady sat at her piano turning over page after page of music with a listless air. Now and then striking a few chords, and, finally taking up "Man and Wife," she asked herself, "Am I really married? I wonder if there are no laws in this country over which one could play 'leap frog?'" Harry is very well for a honeymoon, or as a go-cart to do one's errands; but for my part, 'lap-dogs' are a perfect nuisance. And then, again, he's always working out some invention which never brings in any thing but bills; or talking to one of grand theories, till your brain begins to whirl! I wish I could write an answer to this." And, taking out a little note, she read it over twice, and sighed, kissed it, and put it in her bosom. "Matches may be made in heaven, but sometimes they certainly get mixed up coming

down." The door-bell rang, and in a few minutes the servant showed in Mrs. Heavyclover.

"Ah! my dear, sympathizing friend, come to my aid. But first take a seat. You must be hot. Let me take your cloak. You look tired."

"No, my dear; we haven't time to be tired. Duty knows no fatigue. I am here on an errand of mercy. I heard from our cook, who, you know, is intimate with Phebe, your laundress, that you had had words again with your husband, and I came to lend counsel."

"Oh! thank you so much! You are right. I want sound, practical advice—no half way, this time, but full advice."

"You needn't be afraid." Mrs. Heavyclover didn't look as though she could be afraid of any thing, as she took off her cloak and put it down on the sofa beside her, as much as to say, "Stir one inch, and you are a dead—cloak!"

"Pray, what is the matter now, my dear?—William?"—to her submissive husband, with a frown—"you needn't wait."

"I am not happy."

"Humph! I can readily understand that, for you don't know what you are, and you won't follow my advice."

"Try me again. Come, now, make me a heroine."

"To begin with, in a well-regulated family, all is harmony. Bachelors may think they are happy, but we married people know it."

"Not always, Mrs. Heavyclover; for though I have known single men who have had 'their dream,' I can mention one or two Benedicts who have their nightmares."

At this Mrs. Hard-Tone-Heavyclover turned square round and looked Cora full in the face. Some old maids in this world act like basting-thread in keeping parties together till a match is hemmed in; but this noble woman's peculiar vocation, of a higher order, was to sever the human tie of uncongenial spirits; and she rarely failed.

"You must first define your own position. Look out your words, and ascertain what you really are; then go ahead. Now, I am a dictionary; consult me." And she shook out her leaves, which fluttered around two huge foot-notes.

"I am ready; only tell me how to begin! What is Harry? I suppose he is a noun, according to your grammatical theory. And if I am the verb, why, he ought to govern me."

"Yes; but that's your mistake. Don't be a verb. No wonder you're miserable."

"How so?"

"A noun always governs a verb, regular, irregular, or defective, active or passive."

"Very true," said Cora; "but, if I remember my school-book, you can do nothing with a verb till it is conjugated."

"Ha!" said Mrs. Heavyclover, elevating her parenthetical eyebrows; "good as a joke, but not to the point. Do you know what I consider your husband, my dear? No offence—only as a matter of business."

"Oh, do tell me! I sometimes think him a full stop; he is so slow. Couldn't we call him 'Domine'—second declension, for I refused him twice, and in the vocative?"

"Be serious, my child, and try to learn. He is no such thing. Your's is a fashionable marriage, and Harry is nothing more or less than a disjunctive conjunction. He won't move himself, and sticks to you through thick and thin. I think I see Heavyclover trying the conjunctive business."

"But, my dear Mrs. Heavyclover, Harry is so amiable! I should hate to thwart him; only, I must confess, something is wanting. He doesn't seem to see in me what others do. A woman must now and then feel she is appreciated. It is very tiresome to be believed in, as if that was enough."

Have you ever parsed him ? ”

“ Parsed him ! Why, what is that ? ”

“ See what he is, first ; then, what he comes from ; and if, after that, you can’t make him out, take his root.”

“ His root ? ”

“ Yes, his root. Nouns were made before verbs, and therefore must govern them. But, my dear, become an adverb, and you can qualify. They are the prime ministers ; and that is what I came here for. Let Harry govern his verb, if you cannot change him into an adjective, as I have done with Heavyclover ; for then you might make him agree with you. Let him govern his verb, I say—that is, do what he likes ; but do you see how he does it. You don’t know what a comfort it is to become the family adverb. Qualify him—that is it ; qualify him, and you will have no trouble.”

Spasmodic religion is very common ; but chronic goodness is rare. Mrs. Heavyclover was subject to these spasms. An attack was coming on, and she felt zealous as to good works. She, a hard-fisted refrigerator, who knew as much about love—which is a story without an end—as her rarefied husband did of the benefits of Murray.

“ But how can I qualify him ? What do you do first ? ”

“Strip him.”

“Strip my husband! Ain’t you ashamed, Mrs. Heavyclover?”

“No; I’m astonished, madam. Follow the metaphor. If you cannot change his taste, cut off his amusements; deprive him of recreation; fret him; take him out of himself; remove his resources; get him down to first principles. Reduce him simply to what I found Heavy-clover when I first married him—a weak noun. Then go to work and frame your own sentences. If you can get at his root, make him an adjective, and then qualify him. He will thank you in the end. I never knew a moment’s peace till I consulted Murray. If you must be a verb, take refuge in the imperative mood.”

“I don’t quite understand you. Do you think me equal to it?”

“Certainly I do, if you are a real woman. Why, Adam never did wrong till Eve was taken out of him. He was perfect before. Take, for instance, the noun ‘happiness.’ Get down to the root, and you make it a fair adjective—‘happy’—now qualify it, and it becomes miserably happy, or too happy, until there grows out from it a self-immolated adjective—unhappy.”

“But that is too much.”

“Not at all. Then you’ve got him where you want him. Every thing you do now to

cheer and elevate will be appreciated. Modern husbands are too full of themselves. They must be hungry, or you can do nothing. Moral banting is the only method."

"Did you succeed, at first, with Mr. Hard?"

"Alas! my dear, he died, I verily believe, out of spite, just as I got him down to 'unhappy.' I intended, the next day, to qualify up. But you know what men are. Both, he and Mr. Tone, hadn't the nerve. Heavyclover—thank Heaven!—is tough. He's been regularly through the course, and is now grateful and rising. But stay! here your husband comes. Be firm, recollect, and don't be afraid of a noun. It may be only the name of a thing! Courage! get at his root; then qualify—qualify. Good-by. Qualify!" And she retired a little hastily for an adverb.

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## CHAPTER V.

QUIETLY coming forward to present to his worshipped wife a beautiful bouquet he had just picked in the greenhouse, Harry met with a chilling reception—something he did not often see. Indifference, and a lazy sort of love, had been his portion for some time ; but fashion, into whose highest circles they both moved, absorbed much of their time, and an earnest devotion to intricate studies used up all his extra mind, so that now he stood thunderstruck. Lunch being announced, he put it down to some false theory engendered by a healthy appetite. They sat down at either end of the table, and ate their grapes and cake in silence. As the servant left the room, Harry, who had not opened his lips to speak, looked up inquiringly, and said :

“ My dear, what is the matter ? ”

“ With whom ? ”

“ With you.”

“ Nothing.”

"Why do you look so?"

"Why do you act so?"

"Act so?"

"Look so?"

"What have I done?"

"Neglected me for miserable inventions."

"Neglected you? Why, I have been trying to immortalize you by a great discovery."

"Discovery? What nonsense!"

"No, it isn't. Just let me explain one moment. Two gaslights on opposite sides of a room will give twice as much light as three all in a row. And do you know the reason why? Because light has a dark side. The front is half the time only lit up. Of course, this is a very rude idea; but I give it to you so that you can understand what I am trying to work out. Now, carry out this theory, and, in time, by modifications, you will be able to march forces, or sail a fleet, by a fort, without their being seen. Certain shades, like lead-color, materially aid what I propose; and, in course of time, I believe it not improbable that a man will be able to make himself invisible."

"I wish you had that power now, Harry."

"Why?"

"Because I would like you to be invisible for a week or so. It would give me time to

reflect, myself. The great difficulty with you is, you are only a noun."

"Why a 'noun!' What do you mean?"

"What can I do with you? I can't qualify you."

"Qualify me! Why, the woman's mad!"

"No, I'm not mad. You won't understand me. Change your mode of life. Be a man."

"What am I now?"

"A weak noun; yes, a weak noun. If you can't change yourself, strip, and I'll change you."

"Strip! Oh, that I have lived to see this wreck!"

"I'm not a wreck; I'm a full-blooded adverb. If you'll only let me find your root, I'll qualify you. Otherwise we must part; for, as it is, I hate you."

"Oh, poor Cora, do not say so!"

"I do. I'm sick and tired of this hum-drum life, and I will have freedom—yes, and liberty! Why, do you know what they say you are?"

"What?"

"Only a miserable disjunctive conjunction. Bah! who would waste life with a disjunctive conjunction?"

He gazed with frigid horror. Cora, my dear, bear with me one moment."

"No, sir; I've heard enough of this," hissed his beautiful wife, with flashing eyes. "You doubt me."

"Doubt my wife! You misunderstand my motive, darling. I never doubted you; I only—"

"You did, and you sha'n't do it again, for I won't stand it. No, indeed; I won't be subjected to the small matter of public politeness and private brutality." So saying, she jumped up from the table; but the point of her dress catching in the silver waiter raised it up, and dropped it with the sudden fracture of two sevres china chocolate cups and saucers, and the upsetting of the milk-pitcher. The butler, coming in at the time, ran forward to adjust matters; but Harry, in a quiet but stern manner, said:

"Jarvis, you are not wanted. Shut the door."

Jarvis retired.

Cora, a little unsettled by her awkwardness, yielded a point, and substituted walking up and down the room, on every return-trip kicking her skye-terrier out of the way. But he persisted in remaining where he was landed, probably because he did not know his head from his tail. Harry silently rose, and closed the windows,

though it was a warm and sunny September morning, and then sat down, with his hands clasping each other in sympathy, while a few hot-pressed tears coursed down his manly cheeks, smooth and handsome, as he gazed on the idol of his heart with a clinging love, as though every moment she was receding from his hold, his very sight. "Just the very woman I would choose again, if I were single," was all he could think. "Great Heavens! why can't she love me?" And then, in rapid flashes passed her life, rich, beautiful, surrounded by luxury and devotion, and the centre of admiring friends, with perhaps an excess of gentlemen—one in particular. But still he never for an instant doubted her constancy.

"Cora," said Harry, "you did not speak so to me eighteen months ago."

"And why exactly eighteen months ago?"

"Because you first met Eugene then."

"I will—not—hear—one—word—against my friend, sir!" scornfully replied his agitated wife.

"Whatever I thought before, my eyes have been opened."

"Eugene may be all right. Mind, I don't know any thing authentic against him; but I look upon him as too fascinating for a married woman's society."

"You can look upon him in any light you choose as long as you keep it to yourself. What I want is, sympathy, and that you can't give. Yours is a practical mind. Why, you count the plates at a supper party; weigh the lobster-salad in your mind, and calculate the amount of gas in a given tumbler of champagne; but as for listening to what you call 'woman's nonsense,' or speaking from your heart concerning any thing not tangible, such as love, and admiration—pish!" snapping her finger—"that for you! I don't want to ooze away. I want to overflow. I want—"

"As far as I can see, Cora," said Harry, trying to controll his sadness, "you want another husband."

"Well, it's open to that objection."

"Couldn't I learn what you like?"

"No. That must come with a gush."

"Don't you respect a virtuous man?"

"Yes, but not a negative one."

"Am I not domestic?"

"Oh, yes," said Cora, panting; "and so is a cat. But I want passion controlled—the enthusiasm of genius, combined with gentle energy. I hate cushioned talent."

"Any thing else?" said he, after a short pause, for he was very angry now.

"Yes, plenty more. I want a career—dash—sensation—life. Oh, that I had married originality—mystery—power!"

"Then honesty and straightforward sincerity have no weight with you?"

"Only for what they are worth. Every pump is straightforward and honest, if it does its duty. There are upright carrots and dignified cabbages, amiable corn and sweet potatoes; but they lack the snap. You don't want to stop an omnibus before you get in, and say, 'Look here, driver, are you a Hydropathist?' 'No.' 'Then I won't ride with you.' I don't want an idea. I want a 'my dear!'"

"How you have changed, Cora!"

"Not at all. I have been asleep, but I am awake now, and don't intend to mope any more."

"Cora, your conduct is perfectly incomprehensible. It has been my aim in life to gratify every wish."

"Except the greatest boon a woman can demand."

"And that is?"

"To be left alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone. I can't stand you; you're too soft—too quiet—too proper. You're too—too

much of too little. You're always right, and never wrong. Oh, if you would only once say, 'boiled onions!'"

"What words from one who swore to love and honor!" cried Harry, almost beside himself.

"I don't love you. I never loved you!" She was sorry the moment she said it, for it was not true; but qualifying is a dangerous experiment, and now she had to go through with it.

"Oh, just Heaven! take that back, Cora—take it back! Say your married life of four years' happiness, at least, has not been false. Say that you are angry with me, or that something unusual has happened to excite you; but if you desire peace of mind, let not out, by such cutting words, the life's-blood of one who never thought of any but you. Say that once you loved me, and will try again."

She looked at him, and was on the point of throwing her arms around his neck and praying for forgiveness. But if there are good bad people, so also are there bad good people. The temptation was strong. A vision of Mrs. Heavy-clover's applause did the business. She must strip him. And she replied:

"I tell you, I never loved you. Don't you know enough of the world to see the folly of



marrying a belle, and never giving her admiration ? ”

“ Say, then, you love no one else, at least. If your heart cannot rise to my exalted adoration, tell me no other person holds my place.”

Up to this time she had acted well, and in a measure expressed her feelings ; but, on the last question being put, all color faded from her face. She clutched a chair ; turned deadly white, and whispered :

“ Go—leave me. I—have—” and fell swooningly to the floor.

Rapidly lifting her on the sofa, Harry sought to loosen her dress, that she might breathe more easily. A three-cornered scented note fell on the couch. Harry took it up, and read :

“ LOVELY ONE :

“ The life you lead is quite unsuited to your taste. Excitement cannot banish from your mind the great fact that you need a comforter who can and will not lead, but follow, in the wake of your bright path. I have much to tell you when we meet—at the same hour and place. Take no one, but come alone.

“ EUGENE.”

One sharp, convulsive struggle, and he

bounded from the room to the stable, where he mounted his fastest horse and rode, he knew not, cared not, how or where. Crossing a beach at full gallop, he drew up at the top of a hill, and approached the cliffs through an open field. It was a beautiful sight, the broad Atlantic Ocean, and the rugged shore; but he did not see them. Two rocks separated and formed a deep, dismal well, with one side cut out. He got off his horse, and stood at the brink. It was an awful chasm, sublimely frightful; but he couldn't put an end to life. A mother had gone before. He loved her as his soul, and wanted to be with her in heaven. No, he could not jump. Duty conquered inclination, and he turned away, another man. Riding on by mighty rocks, covered with trees and moss, the cool breeze fanned his throbbing temples. The horse stopped and ate grass. Harry did not know it, for he could not think. All was black and thick. The surf rolled over and turned somersaults, driving before it two miles of syllabubs, its frothy speech. Oxen-teams were carting rockweed, and lonely gulls hovered over him, crying out with joy and life. Now and then a marsh-quail flew by rapidly, and blackbirds whistled in their red-winged freedom. His pulse was going down, and reason stood knocking at the door. But his eye caught

sight of Eugene Tipsell riding out with a crabbing-party of ladies and gentlemen.

"If I stay a moment longer, I will kill him. No, I will see mother—angel-mother! Nobody shall rob me of her. They can take my home, my money, but that sainted image shall never turn its face from me."

Clapping spurs to Zaidec's flanks, he never drew rein till, foamy and champing, his heated steed stopped at a picturesque glen. He walked towards the little beach through groves and mill-dams, waterfalls and crisping leaves. Oh, the relief of being able to fling himself on the ground and give vent to agonized emotion. But this was the nineteenth century, and the "grounds" were occupied by a fashionable picnic. The air resounded with loud laughter and champagne pops, and sent him back on his weary way—but not home: he had none. For, when the essence of domestic bliss has evaporated, nothing remains but hard corners to jar the nerves.

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## CHAPTER VI.

SENDING his horse back to the house, Harry got into his boat, which was moored at the rustic dock running out from a little cove that bounded his magnificent villa on the west.

"Oh, saddest day—it must be done!" he cried. Jumping up from his seat in the stern, and steering with his leg over the tiller, he scanned the setting sun, and roughly wiped away the cold drops of perspiration that trickled down his face.

Stern resolve, combined with fear, was on his countenance. Even those who knew him best would have felt anxious had they seen him now. Here stood a handsome, petted, educated, worthy, only son, married to a fashionable beauty with every accomplishment. With the magic touch of the devil's wand, she ceased to love him, and he grew miserable. It is rare to find a successful woman of the world who can settle down to single love.

Affection, the direct instinct of the heart,

had never been awakened in Cora's breast. Harry Marvel was a man of great ability, but was not a philosopher. He neglected the rule of a healthy mind—never to live as though you could do without a sense or limb; and this it was that gave the sting to Cora's heartless words. There was just enough truth to sharpen the steel. In England they say, "Who is he?" In France, "What has he done?" In America, "How much is he worth?" Harry was rich—very rich—and ought to have been successful. Unfortunately, he was studying to be useful; and that never takes in society, where "they toil not, neither do they spin."

"She said she wanted 'originality—mystery—a career—power.' She shall have them to her heart's content," he muttered between his teeth.

If Marvel had taken time, he could have met Cora's arguments with more dignity and force; but it is difficult for the man of leisure to have the freshness of a man of business. He had tried every thing in the way of amusement and devotion to get back some of the love he had given, but without success. Continued neglect and cold disdain had maddened him into dissipation; but that only brought satiety and a loss of self-respect. Drink next drowned

sorrow ; but he soon found out that this would end in a justification of his wife's indifference. She had won him, and he was hers. Nothing more could be gained ; hence she got tired. For several seasons she had used him as a family pincushion, and, whenever she felt like it, stuck pins in him. What would she do now ? He was going away ; what would become of all the pins ?

With a strong nerve, Harry abandoned a society-life, and sought improvement in his study—with much benefit to himself, for he was really doing clever things. But his idle wife chafed under it, and acted like a fool.

Two children gladdened the house. But calls and parties, dress and company, choked up a parent's love, and nurses took the place of mother.

Marvel had worked himself up to a settled purpose, and determined to give his wife a lesson, and himself a task of no little difficulty.

"Life don't pay. I would kill myself, were there no future. Oh, why cannot a man's mother live till he dies with her ! But no, I must work this out alone—all alone."

He lit a cigar, and sailed before the wind till he passed the county poor-house, white, cold, and cheerless, but full.

"How mysterious is every thing! I, with all that fancy can desire, have lost a wife's affection; and these wasted, worn-out paupers, whose death would be checked off by the city clerk as so much gain, cling to life with a never-ceasing tenacity. They nurse a cough, pet rheumatism, and put off Time. Oh, men of straw, give me some of your content, and take my money!"

Slowly tacking back to the steamboat-wharf, he went on board, and passed a sleepless night.

At eight o'clock the next morning he took his breakfast in his room at one of the best hotels in New York, and matured his plans. He then rode down-town and drew \$25,000 out of his banker's hands, cashed the check, and bought gold with it.

Four years before he had been graduated a physician. This helped him to carry out his scheme.

"Let me see—my height is five feet nine; eyes bright blue; hair brown, and no beard—that's good; nose aquiline; weight about one hundred and eighty pounds; mouth large, and forehead fair. A little too gentlemanly for a beggar, too refined for a bar-room drunkard; still, the idea is a capital one. I'll see what can be done."

Saying this, he sat down and wrote a letter

full of affection to his wife, sealed it carefully, and directed it. Looking in his pocket-book, he could only find a ten-cent revenue stamp: This made no difference. It was all the same thing—United States money. Besides, he had no other, and didn't wish to be seen around. So he put it on, and mailed the letter at a central station.

Returning home, he disguised himself and visited several institutions, but found nothing that he wanted. He then took a car, and, riding up to a hospital, went through the dead-house. Nothing there to suit his purpose. Next he entered the wards with a young doctor.

"Are there any very ill patients here at present?"

"Oh, yes; many, sir."

"Any dying now?"

"Yes; three."

"What is their disease?"

"Two of consumption and one of heart-trouble."

"Can I see them?"

"Certainly."

On approaching the beds, Harry discovered the consumptives to be women, and the heart-trouble an old man. If he had meditated suicide before, the moral atmosphere of these sick-



beds, even with all the care and cleanliness about them, would have shaken his resolution. A lonely death is the part of every one at the last. They cannot take their friends with them, but must solve the problem for themselves. How mad, then, is the folly not to seek the aid of the only One who can be with you through the dark valley!

"Go, tell Death I come!" was an order given by a wounded ruler in olden times; and his armor-bearer straightway fell on his sword. That kind of poetry wouldn't hold good now. The hollow eye and sunken cheek, the pallid face, and wearied gaze searching through and through the visitor to catch one ray of hope, told on Harry, and he turned away.

"With your permission, doctor, I will visit the dissecting-room. You needn't go with me; I have been here before, and know the way. Thanks! Good morning."

Finding "Lame Jaque," the second in command, Marvel went through the rooms and examined all the new subjects carefully. There were not many. The "season" (for every thing nowadays has a fashion) had not yet commenced, and subjects were scarce.

Giving Jaque a handsome fee, he said, "Well, "Are they all sold?"

"No, sir; but four. Only a few students has come yet."

"Are these all the bodies you have on hand?"

"You had better take No. 18. It's thin and well-limbed, and he's just ready for the knife."

"Thank you! He is certainly a fine specimen indeed, but not exactly what I want. I'll wait, and make up my mind."

"See here," said Jaque, with a mysterious wink; "if your conscience's easy, I can fit you out handsome."

"How so?"

"Come with me. Funny, isn't it? I forgot all about it. You see, me and my pal, we bought him on a spec, and we were waiting for some rich gentleman who could make a 'preparation' for this winter. The best students works on a fellow all their spare time, and some on 'em takes the prize; so I am on the lookout for a double XX. Now, I take it, your being so pertickler-like, as you is one on 'em."

"That's it exactly, my man; you've hit the nail right on the head. But I cannot tell you what part I shall use. I want the whole, if he suits."

"Very well, sir; you can have him if you'll

take him away. I know you'll say nothing for your own sake. I'll pack him snug, and no one'll be the wiser. My friend and me, we got him this morning. But don't say nothing about it, for the opposition in the other colleges would hit hard if they know'd as how we let him go so easy. Besides, it's against the rules, and any excuse I might give would be too thin to wash. I think he'll suit you."

"Why so?"

"He's just about your height, and may weigh a trifle more nor you. Got blue eyes, same as your'n, but his hair is a little darker, and yours is red. (Harry felt if his wig was tight on his head.) And there ain't no beard on his face; but then, if you shaved, I'd say he was your brother."

The thought seemed to have started an awful idea, for Jaque pulled his hat down over his eyes, and muttered an oath to himself with something like "Fool! It can't be!"

"I say, sir, you hain't got no brothers, has you?"

"No; I'm alone in the world now;" and he sighed.

"I have seen many medical students in my day, and they always loves to dig into a fellow as near to them as they can find. 'For,' sez

they, 'we learn more of ourselves;' and so they do—so they do. You see, it isn't pleasant work unless your mind's on it; but it makes them take more interest. Only just come this way, your honor," said he, taking him down a back stairs into a foul cellar; and, unwrapping the body, Harry started. Wonderful! Now for plans.

"Can you ship it to-night?"

"Yes; easy, sir."

"Well, here's the money. Twenty-five dollars, did you say?"

"That's the price exactly, your honor."

"Put it in a strong box—no, never mind. I'll bring a trunk, and you can nail this direction on it:

"JAMES ROWFEAR, M.D.,

"Guzzletown, Clam County,

"—— State."

{ "Clothes.  
To be called for." }

"Oh, you are a doctor, regular—eh?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Nothing, sir; only I might ha' know'd it; you took so kindly to them bodies. The more a man knows, the easier he goes, I say."

"Well, I'll send for it this afternoon. It is now twelve o'clock. Be on hand at three precisely."

"Very good, sir." And, touching his hat, he made another charge at the "nigger-head" tobacco, and went to work to "clean up," as he called it. The trunk arrived at two o'clock P. M.

At the appointed hour a carriage drove up to the hospital, and Harry got out, looking more like a red-haired Jew of slovenly habits, than the neat, refined gentleman he was. Stepping up to Jaque, he said :

"You need not nail that on now. I will do it a little further away from here. It's best to be prudent, you know. But keep your card; it may be useful in case you want to write me."

"A good idea, that!" said Jaque. "I guess you've done this afore!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, sir. I'm glad of what you said, for I'd like to show that direction to my boss. Him and I went in for it, you know; and in case of any questions, it's always best to have a back-door."

Harry watched the trunk as it was strapped on behind, and then got in the carriage. As soon as he arrived at the hotel he dismissed the

driver, and ran into the wash-room, bolted the door, and tore off his red wig and whiskers, and changed his coat.

He then went immediately out and secured the services of another hack. Going up-stairs to his room, he went in. After bolting it on the inside, he took a quick survey. Yes, just what he wanted. All the bundles he had bought at different places had been sent home. A new trunk, the exact size, shape, and color of the one he sent to the hospital, was there also, but empty.

To fill it to the top with the bundles and fasten it securely, was but the work of a moment. Then rapidly putting his disguise in his valise, where his money lay secure, he went down-stairs quietly, paid his bill, and ordered the coachman to drive to the railroad dépôt. There he nailed the direction to Dr. Rowfear on the trunk of bundles, took a receipt from the Express Company, and left with the body for the steamboat, where he gave his trunk, with its canvas case, in charge of his pet porter. He next drove to a down-town hotel and told the driver to wait, then slipped through the back-door and bought a ready-made suit of Scotch gray, and a cap to match. These he put in an India-rubber bag, and returned to the

hack, which carried him to a telegraph office. Here he sent the following message to his fisherman Piper :

“Have my boat, with bait, ready at steam-boat-wharf early to-morrow, to catch the tide.”

“HENRY MARVEL.”

The night was lovely and the wind fair. Only now and then the boat rolled. Harry met some friends and chatted pleasantly, but the effort was too great ; so he retired early to his state-room, and slept about as well as most men in his frame of mind could.

At three o'clock A. M. they arrived at the dock. Waiting for the crowd of passengers to leave, he had his trunk carried by the porter and an extra hand, and lowered into his sail-boat, which he found with Piper in it, right alongside the stone basin.

“Why, you’ve baggage to-day, Mr. Marvel !—and it’s pretty solid, too.”

“Yes, books are most too heavy to put in a trunk ; but I was in a hurry to get home, and couldn’t wait to box them.”

“Aye, aye—I see ! Hadn’t you better send your trunk by express, sir ?”

“No, thank you, Piper ; I’ll just fish a little

while, and then take it home myself. I live right across the bay, you know. It will be no trouble. Hold on a minute, Piper!"

"Don't you want me to-day, sir?"

"No, thank you; I'm only going to try my new reel. So, good day. Here's some money for your trouble;" and Harry pushed off from the dock. In a moment he had let down his centre-board, hauled up the sail, made fast the sheet—for there was only a light breeze on the quarter—and, with a cigar in his mouth and one hand on the tiller, you might have thought he was in for a quiet, happy time of it. He would have been better off if he had not gone to New York at all.







## CHAPTER VII.

HAVING stowed away his supply of lobster and mánhaden, Harry covered his cargo with a tarpaulin, and tacked across the bay to a rocky shore on the western side, surmounted by an old fort, where he lowered sail, dropped anchor, and baited his hooks.

He was shrewd enough to pull in a flounder and two blackfish while thinking rapidly ; then, seeing all clear, he went to work in earnest, but with a heavy heart. To an honest man any false position is a dead weight.

Unstrapping the canvas cover, he took out a strong key, opened the trunk, and lifted out the doubled body. Next he unwrapped the coarse clothes, tied them to a piece of pig-lead—a part of the ballast—and threw them into the water. They sank at once, with a calm ripple on the surface.

Marvel then rolled the body into the cabin and covered it up, for he heard a noise. Some one was hailing him. Horrors !

Peering into the half-daylight, he saw a sail-boat approaching. Tacking to one side, and then to the other, the old fisherman Piper luffed up to his stern, and touched his hat.

"I say, Mr. Marvel, I couldn't go to bed again, so I thought I'd strike the tide too."

Harry was quietly bobbing up and down with his line; for luck favored him, and he brought up a fine tautog. He said nothing, but nodded pleasantly. He was perfectly non-plussed.

"How long have you been here, sir—I mean, in this place?"

"About an hour. Why?"

"Do they bite well? How many have you got?"

"Some half-dozen. I was only trying my new reel. It works beautifully—so smoothly, and no noise."

"You had better come outside with me, sir; there won't be too much sun. I think you'd enjoy it."

"Why so?"

"I'm going to my favorite grounds this morning, and I wouldn't mind your company. Besides, you can afford to bait up better nor I."

"Thanks! not to-day; I'm only going to stay a little while, to get up an appetite for

breakfast. And moreover," said Harry, looking towards the southeast, "see there! it's a glorious sunrise, but the clouds are too full of ideas for me."

"What, sir!" hallooed Piper, as he put his helm hard-up and kept her off till she jibed."

"I say," said Harry, tossing him a cigar, "it's going to blow a gale in a short time."

"Not afore twelve," said Piper; "and it's now only half-past five."

"Well," replied Harry, pointing over toward the ocean, "keep your eyes on those clouds; they've all got humpbacks, and look too pale for rain. Windy, very! Good luck!"

"Good-by.—You've got something on your line," said Piper, noticing Harry did not pull it up.


Marvel bowed, and hauled in a splendid flatfish, and flung a sea-robin off his second hook, as the other boat "sailed free" over to the eastern shore. Taking a hurried but keen look all round the horizon, he crept again into the cabin, darkened the windows; lit two candles, and looked at his watch.

He then rolled the body over to examine its features; for, the day before, he could only catch the general outline in that dark cellar. The head had been tied up in an old cloth,

probably to save it from rubbing. He now sat the body up against the door and exposed the face. It was the calm repose of a man above the lower spheres, rather animal, but quite good-looking. Harry didn't know him—thank fortune! That, at least, was a comfort; but there lingered about him an atmosphere that called to his mind the outline of one of the many well-dressed men he had met in the great metropolis of business. That which astonished him was the correctness of lame Jaque's assertion as to the strong resemblance between them—his nose, color of the hair, and very much the same frame, perhaps somewhat heavier.

"I wish to Heaven," muttered Harry, "I had never started this mad scheme! It feels so fearfully like a real murder. And then, if I'm seen! What wouldn't I give to abandon it all, and return home. But no—too late; I cannot do it now. Besides, she said she *never* loved me. Awful! awful! She said, too, she wanted 'originality,' and here it is in all its ghastly colors!"

Fear of detection, and the rapid approach of day, at once urged him on. He stripped off his own clothes, even to his skin, and then dressed the dead body as well as he could, though it was far from an easy task, and



put on it his deck-slippers, made of canvas and rope. They were very loose.

Having got the body on deck, he next set his gold watch back at four o'clock, to puzzle the finder, and put it in his vest-pocket. After much exertion, he got his ring on the grim companion's little finger. Then he ran into the cabin, filled the trunk with books and every thing he could find that looked new, cut a hole in the bottom, and locked it and threw it overboard. It floated a minute, turned over, and sank. He rolled up his gray suit in the India-rubber bag, and tied it about his neck, blew out the candles, and came on deck.

"I sha'n't kill myself with a blow, for that would look like murder," said he, "and increase the efforts to discover more about it. I'll simply be drowned by accident. But then, how about that letter I wrote? Let's have another good look. Is it safe to trust to the likeness?" He leaned the body up against the stern, and stood for a moment, trembling with cold and agitation, to take one long survey. Though parts of the features were like his, the general impression, if the body were immediately found, might betray his fearful plot. "No, by Jove! it would be too risky, for if I'm caught it might be a penitentiary offence. I must shoot myself and

damage the face. One can't be too sure. Besides, it will look more like desperation."

So saying, he took out a penknife, tied a string around his left arm just above the elbow, and cut a vein in his hand. Walking about the deck, he let it flow as freely as it would, till the seat, tiller, and gunwale presented a spattered appearance. He then seized the dead man's hand and tried to raise it to his head, but it was too stiff. Going through the position himself, he took aim and fired, mangling the face terribly, with his treble load, and let the corpse fall overboard while the blood still dropped from his arm. A few bubbles, and it sank gradually, taking an easterly direction, and disappeared.

It was done, but no relief came. A panic took possession of him. "What if he had been seen? Oh, misery!" With a wild cry he jumped into the water and swam rapidly to the shore, distant some three hundred yards.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

WITH rapidity Harry dressed himself in his new clothes, put on a wig and a pair of English side-whiskers, and walked as fast as he could towards a country ferry. The sloop was just leaving with a load of sheep. He got on board and sat in a corner. They crossed the bay in half an hour, for the wind was freshening, and arrived at the dock just in time for him to hire an express-wagon to drive him to the cars, that left at twenty minutes to eight for New York.

That night he arrived in the city and took the express-train for Guzzletown, where he put up at a new hotel. On the following morning he paid his bill and purchased a sole-leather valise, which he filled with different disguises, and carried it with him. Fear lends strength; it did not feel heavy at all. He next called at the express office.

"Have you a trunk marked 'Dr. Rowfear—to be called for'?"

"One arrived yesterday, sir, but it's gone."

"Haven't you got it now?"

"No, sir. See, it's checked off."

"Did the Doctor call for it?"

"I can't say whether it was the Doctor or not, for I don't know him; but see, here's his signature. Perhaps you're a relation of his. I hope there's no mistake. It seems to be an important trunk."

"No, I'm not related to him. I only called to see if it had arrived; that's all."

"Well, sir, two queer-looking men came here about an hour ago. I think they were detectives, but I can't be certain. They told me to say nothing about it unless some one asked; and they put a seal on it. Please tell me where you stay, for I was to let them know if any one called. They seemed to expect a party. What did you say your name was?"

"My name," said Marvel, white with fear behind his whiskers, "my name is—Jenks Smith. Tell them another detective called; but as they have got the trunk, it's all right. I'm off for Cincinnati now. I've sprung a clue."

"If you'll wait a minute I'll call them, sir."

"Oh, no! it isn't necessary," said Harry, hardly able to get away; "just tell them it was 'No. 3;' that will do. Thank you!"



Marvel backed out as fast as he dared. Hungry, tired, and frightened beyond expression, he called a cab. No "cars" started for two hours. That would destroy all. A milk-train was going somewhere; he jumped on board, and went forty miles further west. He got off and walked into a dense wood. On and on he went, unnecessarily far, for no one would have noticed him in that farming district; they were too busy. Crops were more important than a stranger's face. Harry changed his clothes again. This time he was no German Jew, but an elderly gentleman travelling for pleasure. He followed the track till he arrived at a second-hand town, and stopped at an inn, where he got some ale and an apple-pie encased in armor, without the vestige of a chance for a single piece of apple to escape. This, and some equivocal sausages with the life broiled out of them, stayed his appetite.

The express-train came along, noisy—very noisy it seemed to him, whose life was now a whisper. He got on and sat in the last seat. It was a comfort to feel at least that no one could be behind him. A cold nervousness seemed to urge him on. Somebody was at work. It was evidently the body of an important person. Harry could not rest. His

head throbbed and his conscience pricked. The motion of the cars helped to keep down his thoughts; but one of his principal plans must be given up. It had been his cherished scheme to stay behind and watch the effect of his death. There was something grandly weird in it. But if this trunk had been captured, it was time for him to fly; and off he went, anywhere and at once!

Taking the night-express to Montreal, with a through-ticket to Halifax, he stowed himself away and waited for the locomotive to start. A newspaper boy came in.

"Evening papers—*Post, Express, Daily Times, Tribune, Herald, Despatch, Sunday Courier!* Want a paper, sir? Got all the weeklies."

"No." He wanted one badly, very badly, but he was afraid. To attract attention, when perhaps every outlet was watched, wouldn't do. What a pity! Had he bought one of them, he would have seen a graceful obituary of himself, and an account of the sudden disappearance of Philip.

Such is life! It took one year for one of those very journals to reach him in a distant land; and, when it did, he started for home.

Marvel sank into a seat and tried to calm

himself. Three thoughts stood like fiery sentinels before his mind's eye: "She never loved him." "She had lost him." "Would she mourn him?"

He could not shake off, do what he would, the indescribable feeling that some one was after him. Many of the blackening thoughts of a murderer befouled his soul. That body, now most probably at the bottom of the bay, would sooner or later be discovered. The slightest thunderstorm might bring it to the surface. What then? He dared not think. And now, a fugitive from home—his future—Cora's sufferings. Perhaps he had misjudged her. Might it not be all a mistake? The letter did not say "Dear Cora," but "Lovely One." He had never thought of that! She might only be a confidante. Suicide came next to call him from himself. But no; a mother's love protected him. Besides, the day he left a mightier plan had been called into being. She had said he "was too weak, too quiet; he had no romance, no dash; he could not appreciate a woman's mind." He plead, when he should have commanded. It was well—a fearful stake—his all. He had played it, and now must watch the dice-box.

Just then a passenger came in. One of his oldest friends, with a fishing-case, passed through

the car. Half-rising from his seat, Harry was about to clasp him in his arms and tell all. Could he trust him? Yes, for Dr. Titter was an honorable man; but, unfortunately, Marvel had carried out the plot so thoroughly, that, in fact, he did not see how he could ever return; circumstantial evidence was dead against him. Then again, the ridicule of his pseudo-friends would have killed him outright. Better far this mock death.

He started once again to detain his friend till he could make up his mind, but that awful word paralyzed his frame, dulled sense, and kept him where he was.

"She *never* loved me! Can't I find one solace in the future? It is a bitter and a tedious trial, but I'll make it."

The next week the Cunard steamer "*America*" stopped at Halifax to coal-up. Six passengers went aboard. None walked straighter, or more quietly passed an uneventful voyage, than did Harry Marvel.



## CHAPTER IX.

PIPER had good luck that day, and he deserved it, for he was one of a class of honest, steady-working men. His features were hard from exposure. Each expression seemed magnified as if to assist his limited vocabulary. But to the physiologist no man is ugly; and where an iron frame is combined with what is unjustly called rude health—the reward of a busy constitution—confidence is awakened, and one feels drawn towards the bright eye and deep base voice, which doesn't seem afraid to come right out of a man's inmost self. Lazy organs produce disease, and, as a consequence, the rich are sickly.

Passing a light-house on his right, he steered southwest, and "rounded to" off the western shore, where many fashionable hotels are now built and people most do congregate.

About half a mile from the narrow beach, and in a direct line drawn from the light-ship, which bobbed up and down like two discontent-

ed fireflies, to a certain spot on a distant hill, he dropped anchor and let down most of his rope.

Taking a few lobsters out of the well in the bottom of his boat, he stuck a knife near what might be called the neck of one, and, cutting down, split it open; then, stripping the rings off the tail, cut it up into pieces of the proper size, not quite two inches long and one wide; put them on his hook, and quickly bound a little bait-line round it, making a sort of half-hitch; and flung out. Some fishermen use two or three lines at the same time; but Piper used to say, "One thing done well is better than a multitude of fixings."

The fish seemed to come as though they had been waiting for him, and had eaten nothing since his last visit. As he generally caught them on the first bite, much time was saved, and the disagreeable process of cutting out a hook was dispensed with. To see him pull in, too, was a luxury—no snarling or tangling the line, but a neat overhand job, as effectual as it was rapid. The fish almost seemed to like it—at least they looked so—for they frisked about the boat when he "landed" them, and jumped all around. It couldn't possibly be pain—they were too lively!

Scup, blackfish, bluefish, salt-water salmon,

now and then a horse-mackerel, or some over-ambitious flounder of huge proportions, swam about, as representatives of the watery deep. Three times that morning he struck a bass, one of them forty pounds in weight. You should have seen him "play it," with the coolness of a master! By holding the line just taut enough, he kept its mouth open, until, finally exhausted by over-exertion, strange to say, it "drowned" in water, its native element. This one he laid in the bottom of the boat; but the other fish, as soon as caught, he dropped into a little oval-shaped car made of laths, and fastened at the stern of his sail-boat. By this means he kept them alive. At times he caught too much; for old maids, sea-robins, and once a sting-ree, came up with his line. These he knocked in the head and threw overboard again. Twice he lost his sinkers and hooks; for small sharks from three to six feet are too apt, sooner or later, to spoil a good day's sport. He had fished for several hours without resting one minute, when a gust of air cooler than usual shook his gray locks of hair rather roughly. Piper turned quickly around. This meant business.

While scanning the horizon, he saw a bark many miles off scudding under close-reefed top-sails, and, with more wind than she seemed

built for, bend to the gale. Then, a dark cloud hung about the sun, like some dumb slave awaiting orders to descend and swamp the world. Sea-gulls played tag all about him, and wild ducks flew northward.

Enough! Not a moment was to be lost. To close-reef the sail, pull in his anchor, button up, and start for land, was the work of but a few minutes. With his leg over the tiller, one hand on the halyards and the other holding the sheet, only once half-turned round the cleat, Piper made for home. His clinker-built boat seemed frightened, for it flew through the water trying to get away from the mighty waves, doing their best to come over the stern. The sail, though shortened as much as possible, boomed up and down with the rolling of his craft, for he was nearly before the wind, the most dangerous way of sailing. Piper looked very grave; he knew this was only the commencement, and was about to let go the halyards and scud under bare poles, when a squall struck him, and the sail rose straight up in the air, with the boom perpendicular with the deck, crossed over to the other side; snapped the goose-neck, and came down as quickly.

Putting his helm slowly down so as not to drag the sail under, which dipped every other



roll into the surging water, Piper let go his halyards; but the force of the wind drove the rings against the mast, so that it stuck where it was. The peak, however, fell. This took away one half the danger, as it lessened materially the upper part of the sail.

Gradually she came up in the wind; but that would not do, for she was fast going over beyond her bearings. One thing now alone remained: the mast must come down. It was too top-heavy with her fearful rocking in the trough of the sea, which was getting up more and more every moment. The bark had passed by, and not a vessel was to be seen. With no axe at hand, a "land-lubber" would have perished. But experienced fishermen know too well the dangers of the deep. Jumping forward, Piper pulled the pin-head out of a hasp-ring that confined the mast, and crawled back to his seat in the stern losing his hat in the effort.

He now kept his eye on the mast. It yawed and bobbed up and down, but soon unshipped, and rocked to and fro, when a heavy, big combing ground-swell lifted boat and all way up, letting them down with a thug, and overboard went sail and all pertaining to it. Making fast the sheet, he now steered towards the middle of the channel, and, leaning over the side, took

out his knife, cut the rings off the sail, hauled it in as well as he could, and stowed it away under the little forward deck. The mast he cut adrift, for it might knock against his boat and do more harm than it was worth. Besides, every minute the water looked more angry, and a penetrating sleet chilled him through and through. It was only four o'clock, but it looked like seven, and felt like February.. Nothing was now to be done but to trust in Providence. The storm from the southeast, though it drove his staunch boat on before, gradually favored the western shore, where the old fort stood, like a lonely stone crown on some petrified hero. Piper knew, if he could only clear the rocks, distant a few rods, a splendid cove right round the corner, and to leeward, would prove a perfect haven. But to accomplish this he must work hard, for the tide had changed, and would rapidly carry him up the bay.

"Something wrong with 'Frisky'!" said he, as he neared Harry's sail-boat, rocking to and fro, with every thing loose about her. "That's not like the man, to stay in the face of a gale, when round the corner he might fish in still water. Besides, he said this blow was coming up. I don't see why he didn't slip his cables and be off long ago! He knows enough,"

Putting out his long oar, the only one in the boat, he sculled as well as he could under the immense difficulties, and as he shot past the bow of the 'Frisky,' took a rapid turn with his painter round a toll-pin, jumped on board, and, as his boat swung round, belayed her to the stern.

This proved too much, however, for the small kellick that had held Harry's boat through the blow; for he saw, to his surprise, that they were both drifting towards a rock. Fear and knowledge make one work fast. No time to look for Harry, and himself in immediate danger, too. With one long yell, "Mr. Marvel, where are you?" Piper cut the kellick-rope, hauled up the sail about two feet, and made fast the sheet. By pulling with his oar on the leeward side, he forced her out a little; the sail bagged, but she edged away, and, soon rounding the last prominent rock, he found himself in the very cove he had prayed for.

"Thank God! But where's Marvel?"



## CHAPTER X.

As soon as he could, Piper got out his own anchor, carried it to the bow of the "Frisky," and let go. It dragged about twenty feet, and then took hold. He next cast a look about the boat. No tidings of Harry could be found. Calling once, twice, many times, he obtained no reply. "That's funny!" said he; "perhaps he's in the cabin, sick;" and, turning to go down, his foot slipped, and he found himself at the bottom of three steps. Nothing especial to be seen. A locker was half open; some pilot-biscuit lay on the little table, with a few fishing-lines and a gaff; nothing more. But the trunk—where was that? Not to be found. Very strange, indeed, and not easily answered. His hands feeling sticky, Piper looked at them, and fell back in horror. Cold blood was on them, and, as his eyes rolled in agony about the cabin, they fell upon his duck trousers, with the gory tell-tale rubbed on in dark-brown stains. A pistol, too, he now found, near the stern, half

leaning up against the thwarts, and blood—horrid blood—all about the lee-scuppers !

“ So much for trying to help a fellow in danger ! Oh, my soul ! what am I to do ? ” And, in a frenzy, fearful to stay alone one moment even with the evidence of guilt, Piper yelled and screamed, and tore his hair, and shivered with terror. The rolling of some kettles in a cupboard, that had got loose, brought him to his senses, and rushing on deck, the distracted sailor shrieked, “ Help ! what is it ? ” But no one came. With shaking steps he managed to take a seat and look about him for some aid. He saw a four-oared boat, from a yacht in the harbor, approaching the “ Frisky.” In his agony to get rid of the clammy blood, he wiped it on his breast, his pants, the doorway—every thing ; and, as one of the sailors planted his boat-hook against the gunwale, he rushed forward, and yelled :

“ Take me away !—do take me ! It is awful—horrid ! Take me home ! ”

“ Take you home, man ? What’s the matter ? ” said Eugene Tipsell, as he wiped the spray from his brow. “ Why, how frightened he is ! Come, belay there ; you’re safe now. A pretty-looking sailor you are, to be sure ! Where’s Mr. Marvel ? ”

"Gone — dead — shot — thrown overboard ! To think that I should be the one to tell the news."

"Dead !—overboard ! What do you mean, and how do you know it ? When was this ?—how did it happen ?—who did it ? Speak, man ! —don't stand trembling so—who did it, I say ? and how do you know he didn't swim ashore ?"

"His pistol there—there it is !" said Piper ; "and his icy blood on the cockpit, slimy, sticky. Oh, horrible. I've got it on me, too. Here ! help me wash it off."

"Bear a hand, men. Seize that fellow !" said the mate. "There's something wrong here."

"I thought so," groaned Piper.

"Thought what ?"

"That I would be suspected ; and it's nearly killed me. Oh, the thought of it !" and he shuddered from head to foot.

"'Thought of it !' Looks of it, you mean. You're covered with blood, and all mussed up. Mr. Tipsell, I ask you, as the friend of Mr. Marvel, to witness this for future testimony."

"Certainly," replied Tipsell. It was indeed awful, and unfeigned astonishment was on his countenance. His lead-colored pants, and patent-leather boots, as he sat in the stern-sheets,

looked sadly out of place in the rain and slush of every thing.

"I would advise you," continued Eugene to the mate, "to put some of your men on the 'Frisky,' to bring her in as soon as the gale subsides, while we take this murd—fellow to the city."

With haggard face and listless limbs, Piper permitted them to lift him into the boat, where, in the tying of half a bow-line, his arms were pinioned behind, and the order, "Give way, men!" was obeyed in silence, and with frowning looks.

"Let us see what he's got on him," said Eugene, suiting the action to the word, and "going through" poor Piper with the dexterity of a skilful pickpocket.

"Nothing here—nothing here—yes, a piece of oakum—nothing here—no, I'm wrong—tobacco, and in this pocket"—feeling all the way down—"a handkerchief. Humph, it must be anger. Boatswain, did this man know Mr. Marvel well?"

"Can't say, sir. I've seen them often out together, fishing early, during the past summer."

"I say," said Eugene, rolling all the little picked goods into a bundle made out of the handkerchief, "what have you got to say for

yourself? It will take a smart lawyer to get you off."

Piper told all as well as fear and his uncomfortable position would allow. His was not the fear of the punishment, for he was a brave man; but the idea of being suspected, and with nothing to disprove it, overcame him.

"That's all very well," replied Tipsell, "but it don't sound right. It hasn't the snap of truth. It's very likely you were outside in all this gale, and no one saw you. Come now, if you didn't kill him, or see it done, how could any living man get ashore in these waves?—and why should you stop in a gale to save a boat that is anchored, eh? No, no! that won't do."

"And then, there's the trunk," chimed in the mate; "where's that? I suppose you'd try to make us believe it blew him overboard. But we didn't come through the cabin windows, we didn't."

Piper asked for water. "My neck is choking me," he gasped; "oh, my poor daughter, I understand your feelings now; and they won't believe me, either, because I'm poor and down. But there is a Power above, gentlemen, that sees all, and knows as how it happened; and He won't let poor Jack suffer for trying to do a good turn. I've knowed the time, when many



a passenger as well-favored-looking as yonder 'spark' has cussed in calms and prayed in gales. Them chaps come to no good end, any how. What does he know about it that he's so certain?"

"Avast there with your preaching!" cried out the boatswain. "If you're not guilty, why were you so frightened?"

"Because I seen it all at a glance. Nobody aboard—the pistol there, one barrel fired—blood on my body, hands and all—my boat stove up so bad against the 'Frisky' I couldn't get ashore on her, and then your men a-coming towards me like policemen—I tell yer, I seen it all. Do what you please, my heart is bright, and what is still left of my poor head is clear to worship God and abide His time. It's very dark now for poor Piper; but I've been to sea these forty years, and I never seen a gale set in that didn't blow out; I never knowed a fog that didn't clear; so I'll clew up now and turn in, for it's no use to stay on deck." With that he firmly shut his mouth, as though to strengthen resolution; and, do what they would, no answer could be got to any more questions.

On reaching the yacht, all went on board and reported the sad news to the gentlemen, who had not yet left the dinner-table. Eugene muttered,

"This is nuts to me," as he came forward as Harry's friend, for all knew him, and painted in the most vivid colors Piper's guilt. Mr. Hornbeak, the owner of the yacht, called Piper up, and he told again the same plain, unvarnished story. But so skilfully had Eugene tinted every thing with guilt, that he at once ordered Piper ironed, and sent him to the city-jail, a building only so in name and strength, but, as far as outward appearance went, it was a very jolly spot; for flowers bloomed outside its walls, and cheerful faces sat at open windows, and an air of easy comfort and "solid life" pervaded every brick.

It was only as a back-door in the entry was opened by a red-faced, happy, fatty-looking man, that iron bars were seen in the rear apartments. So few persons occupied the business-portion of the dwelling-place, that the jailer became lonely. As he couldn't get prisoners, he took boarders. The fare was good, and lodgings cheap.

"Why, Piper, it can't be you!" said the kind-faced jailer, as he gently took his arm and led him to a neat, white-washed cell, facing a window on which plants of all kinds stood in rows.

"I put my trust in the Lord," was all he heard.

Some good people act in this life merely as

blotting-paper : they save others from stains of guilt, and, having exhausted themselves, at length die. They are never thought of or remembered, but the benefits they have conferred are lasting.

“Not only be good, but do good,” was Piper’s motto.

A first definition has unlimited influence ; and Eugene’s remarks concerning this poor fisherman created a prejudice against him far more hurtful than the very circumstantial evidence itself. It soon got all over town that a prisoner was confined for murder. He was the first that had been locked up for these many months. Good for Dearville ! How would that sound in New York, where, as a deep thinker once said, “The only way a man can be hanged is, to—hang himself.”






## CHAPTER XI.

It blew a gale on Wednesday afternoon. Æolus played billiards with every thing he could lay his hands on. He "caromed" with a chimney-pot against the side balcony of a mighty country mansion, "pocketed" the gate-keeper's fur cap in a neighboring tank, and made countless "thirteen shots" out of crest-fallen and bewildered flowers.

The wind was mad. There is no doubt at all about it. Rain and sleet strove in vain to keep it down. Thick groves of trees firmly tried to head it off; but it wouldn't do. Vessels came to anchor in the bay and nodded in derision, with their sails all furled. The sea got its back up, and lashed in turn each gust that struck its dimpled face. Roosters stood still, but their tails went sideways. Ducks bathed on land. Gutters, pipes, and leaders, all had apoplexy. Trout leaped joyfully down little cascades, and revelled along the meandering

A small, stylized decorative mark or signature, possibly a letter 'L' or a similar flourish, located at the bottom right of the page.

brook. Stalwart oaks had the lumbago. Beech and maples sighed as their leaves were hurled away and made green paths on watery graves. September had the ague, and a general epidemic chill pervaded the entire park. Houses shook, windows shivered, ceilings rumbled, chimneys roared, entries darkened, and the milk turned. In and out of the barnyard sheds such a screaming was kept up that it seemed as though a big burly blow had got stuck in some cranny, and was jamming little draughts into smaller nooks.

The fact is, the wind had got tired of being shut out of this, driven away from that, made to turn a mill, cool the heated kitchen, and then totally expelled from the pleasantest room in the house—the library—where an invalid, surrounded by every luxury, admitted nature only in the form of landscapes. This very wind was cheerful and courteous before : he had tried every means in his power to get a peep into that room, but it was no go. The sun was persuaded to lend his genial influences, and the calmest morning zephyr, sent freighted with the sweetest perfumes of healthiest flowers, had tapped modestly with the knuckles of a lofty elm against the window-pane ; but all in vain. With decisive pertinacity the padded windows yielded not to this kind offer. Some new means

must be adopted to obtain entrance. Once, and only once, an over-ambitious eddy whirled itself into the area, watched its opportunity, and, the moment the back-door was opened, scudded by the puffy butler, slammed the hall-door in the housekeeper's face, crept up-stairs softly but swiftly, and ran into the parlor, found out its mistake, and, out of revenge, blew engravings and papers off the ormolu table. He then rushed up the back-stairs, and, just as the nurse was entering the library, sneaked in;—yes, I repeat it, sneaked in, under her long skirts, and, as she closed the door, expanded with all the majesty of success. But his happiness was short-lived. He felt joyous and full of zeal to propitiate the fastidious sick. He cooled the burning soup, fanned the fevered brow, kissed the hectic cheek, played "hide-and-seek" with the lace hangings, ran round the sick-apartment, roused the sleeping embers of a lazy wood-fire, peeped up the spacious chimney, and began to dust, gingerly, the well-lined book-shelves. Even a little canary, trained to silence by oppressive gloom, fluttered at this freshness, and chimed in lowest notes a welcome to the ruddy visitor. But the lady, more sick at heart than in the body, wrapped her shawl about her feet, and, frowning, with a guttural whisper ordered :

“Catherine, put more wood on, and never bustle in again with such a draught!”

It was very trying, this repulse; but, now he was in it was not easy to get him out; for, alas! another method closed his bright career.

Kept off from the enveloped invalid, he sought the lofty cornice; but the hot air from the radiating fire rose in wrath at his intrusion, and drove him headlong to the ground. In vain he tried to leave the room; but, difficult as it might be to enter here, it was harder far, when in, to find escape. He wound himself in coils of anger round the furniture, and sidled up against the walls to cool his judgment; but—sad thought!—each spot was warm and all too close. Soon, overcome by gloomy dulness and infectious air, he lost his bloom, and turned a sick man too.

The wind outside had waited for a signal, but nothing came. The smoke emerging from the mammoth chimney had no tidings of a welcome character to tell, and, in revenge, it was torn away and hurled aside. Thus it was that a serious consultation had been held in a cave behind one of the neighboring hills, where a set plan was framed to force an entrance and pay off old scores.

For a long time, certainly, the storm had its

own way. Nothing but sour odors, strangling coughs, and rheumatic groans emanated from this chamber of ease. Delighted with his success, the exulting wind spun the old weather-cock round and round, until the poor jockey on a rampant steed became so giddy that he lost his balance and hung by one stirrup. "Ha!" cried the wind, "now for my turn!" and down the chimney, right on top of the old andirons, tumbled one of the granite copings, with several smoke-besmeared bricks, scattering the ashes and smaller embers over the floor, and rousing Cora's nerves to a cracking tension; for she had not been herself since the night of the quarrel, and was now suffering from remorse—a sort of religious dyspepsia. Trusting to no one, the wind rushed down the huge chimney itself, blew a spark on the rug into a blaze, dusted soot into the tea on the table, took a hasty survey of the room, and tried the window. At a given signal of the rustling curtain, in popped—of all things in the world for an invalid's headache—a slate tile from the adjoining wing, breaking one of the large panes of Flemish flint-glass, and scattering it, together with sleet, about the floor. In an instant's time this room of close watchfulness was filled with freezing, frosty, death-like dampness. Every thing with-



in the range of its power was strewn upon the Persian carpet, and sad indeed was it to see the efforts of the frightened lady, as she clutched her cane, and, leaning heavily on her nurse's arm, hobbled to her bedroom for a respite.

The house and grounds were suffering, too ; and, now left wretched, it was only fun and child's play for the storm to root the grain, flatten crops nearly ripe for scythes, break down the dam of "*his*" once favored pond, tear up a row of new-planted trees, and overtake, as night rolled in, a heavy, lumbering coach with one inside, and on top a coachman with his water-proofs drenched through. The lightning played around the iron railing, and blinked so in the horses' eyes, that it was worse than blindness ; and the soggy form of the driver, silently and doggedly whipping the leaders, told plainly enough that the journey had been a weary one. The man inside cared not for the storm. What he wanted was, money or blood.

Stumbling along the dark, gravelled drive, with lanterns blown out by the wind, the coach stopped in front of the side-door. No one could have kept the horses still long enough at the main entrance. Eugene jumped out in rather an elated manner for one who had lost a dear friend and companion. Telling the driver to

wait at the stable, he found his way to the kitchen, where he dried his clothes and called for something hot. The butler, who had often filled his cautious glass at table, noticed to-night that his drink was long and heavy, and that he took it in silence, though he almost always had a pleasant word for him. Perhaps he was tired, most certainly he was wet.

"Jarvis!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where's your mistress?"

"In her room, sir."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her I'm here, and would like to see her."

"This way, sir," said Jarvis, on his return, beginning to feel uneasy at Eugene's sombre manner.

As he entered the ante-room, a sort of boudoir, he noticed the flush of anxiety on Cora's countenance.

"Ah, Mrs. Marvel, I hope that I find you well!"

"Easier—thank you, Mr. Tipsell; but this rheumatism shakes my nerves sadly. I don't know whether my body or my mind suffers most."

"Gentle exercise with stiff limbs is much better than remaining stationary. I would walk up and down my room a little every day, if I were you. By-the-by, have you heard from Harry lately?"

"Not one line since he left us; I feel very anxious;" and she bit her lips. "I don't know what to make of it; he always writes me every other day when he's away. I can't understand it."

"Well, my dear madam, it's best to look on the cheerful side of life, even though strange things happen"—pausing, with emphasis.

She looked up, and caught his eyes. They were bright, but anxious. "Has any thing happened, to make you speak so? Out with it, Mr. Tipsell, if you know any thing. You need not keep it back. I see there's something unusual the matter."

"Did Harry lend his boat to any one?"

"You mean the 'Frisky'?"

"Yes, the cat-rigged boat."

"No; you know that was one of his peculiarities. Any other boat was at the service of his guests, but 'Frisky' was his pet. He filled her with all sorts of contrivances, and was afraid of her getting out of order. But"—standing erect, and throwing back her fine head

—"you don't mean to say he's been out in her to-day?"

"I can't say that, Mrs. Marvel, only, I was dining on board the 'Spark'—Mr. Hornbeak's steam-yacht—when the gale came up. We looked out, and saw the 'Frisky' near the other shore"—

"Was Harry there?"

"No; he was not with us, and we thought—"

"Thought what? Speak, man!" cried Cora, sinking back in her arm-chair, while her face too plainly told of her horror of what she might learn next.

"You never came here on such a night as this to tell me that you went to dine on the 'Spark.' No, I won't believe that! You are keeping something back. Is Harry in danger?"

"If he were, I would not be here."

"Where is he, then? Telegraph to New York immediately, and ask them at his hotel to reply at once."

"I would—Cor—Mrs. Marvel, try to calm yourself—but the wires have been down all day."

"How do you know that?"

"I tried to send two telegrams myself, but

was told it was of no use, for the connection was broken."

"What, then, is to be done? Speak, if you have feeling! No person in misery can be idle! I want to do something; so keep me no longer in suspense. Do you know any thing about Harry? If so, I conjure you to tell me."

"I only know that he arrived this morning, and that he was seen in the early part of the day fishing near the old fort."

"Alone?"

"Yes; quite alone, and well."

"Why, then, don't you take some men and go over to the 'Frisky' and see what's the matter?"

"I did so, dear lady," said Eugene, drawing nearer to the bell, for he feared a scene.

"Well, and what did he say?"

"Nothing;" and Tipsell lowered his eyes.

"Nothing! How so? What!" she screamed, "you don't mean to tell me he was gone, and his boat fastened! Not he!"

"The anchor may have got foul, and Marvel, not being able to pull it up—"

"Then he would have swam ashore and driven over, knowing the gale was coming up."

"Not likely; the sea was very high."

"Couldn't he have cut the rope?"

"Yes."

A cold shiver passed over her as she pointed to the door, and, with a hollow voice kept down by all the self-control she could command, "I see why you came, now. Mr. Tipsell, I wish to be alone; leave me. Harry's drowned! I see it all too plainly."

"Oh, we are not certain."

"Haven't you found his b—body?"

"No; he may have got away safely."

"No, no; it's written on your face. Drowned, just as I was beginning to appreciate him—just as I crushed him! I shall never see him again!"

Her head fell on her breast as he caught her. She had fainted.

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## CHAPTER XII.

EUGENE TIPSELL was one of those city-growths that can only be found where sin has age and science hypocrites. He was a Wall-street man. This business locality was called "Wall" probably because it was always being taken or defended. Besides, there was much in it that resembles war, in which all is fair.

There were kings and their followers, princes and their retainers, satellites, parasites, and paupers. It was a world of its own. Couriers might be seen flying to and fro every day. Wells were poisoned and then surrendered. One week it was an imperial despotism; the next, anarchy prevailed. Sometimes epidemics carried off one fifth of the inhabitants, or financial bombshells would explode and destroy hundreds; but the next day the ranks were filled with raw recruits, who were done to a turn in no time. No bounty officers were necessary here; volunteers, who hoisted the black flag, and "Forlorn-Hope" regiments, filed into the first vacancy, and countless

numbers flocked around the standard of some great chief.

Once upon a time Wonderguilt the First besieged a small town in the outskirts. The inhabitants could not get out, and their friends could not get in. Even though they had plenty of water, the stock went dry. But Wonderguilt was an honorable man. He had often fought in the trenches, and knew the hardships of war. He took no prisoners, and refused to parley, though the garrison proposed to surrender.

As in most fortifications, besides many beligerents, widows, and orphans, soon became "short" of supplies. Soon all the little areopagites forgot their petty strifes, and watched the issue of this fight. Long they held out. Longer still held out old Wonderguilt. Now and then a deserter came over and was forgiven because he told of the sufferings of those inside, and gave a list of the wealthiest of the governors. Agents called on Wonderguilt, and asked him what he wanted.

"Grain," said he.

"What will you give for it?"

"Your fortified friends must sell me a million bushels of wheat for thirty cents."

"But it is eighty now!"



"That makes no difference. I must be paid an indemnity for fighting."

So the head-men in the fort signed papers to deliver, in sixty days, one million bushels of wheat to Wonderguilt, for thirty cents a bushel.

He wouldn't *take* it from them. Oh, no! he wouldn't rob. He would buy and *pay* for it—in hard cash, too! and give them two months to get it in!"

On the signing of the papers, he withdrew his forces, and left them to prepare for peace.

That night, however, Wonderguilt sent agents all over the country far and wide, and bought up that year's crop. He then drove out of town, and, after prayers each morning, checked off "one day more gone."

When fifty days had passed by, the Gothamites found that plenty of grain was for sale, but not at their prices. They called on Wonderguilt.

"Well, gentlemen, my check is ready, but where is the grain?"

"We can't find what we want!"

"All right, come again."

On the sixtieth day the court assembled at Wonderguilt's call. Bulls and bears, short-boys, long-tails, men who lived on "calls," and clerks who spread on "puts," shavers, and all sorts

came and went, listened, and took notes. It was to be a great day. The grain must be delivered at twelve o'clock noon; and it was now 11 A. M. The deputation from the country arrived, and the court opened.

"Gentlemen, are you ready to deliver the wheat?"

"No, sir. We cannot find the grain to purchase it."

"I will sell you all you want."

"For how much?"

"Two dollars and fifty cents a bushel. It is now half past eleven; at twelve o'clock it will be three dollars." (This is what is called a "corner.")

"But we are pledged to deliver it to you at thirty cents a bushel!"

"Well, gentlemen, I have nothing to do with that. That's business. But I'll tell you what I will do to save you trouble: Deduct thirty cents from two dollars and fifty cents, leaving a balance of two dollars and twenty cents, and pay me that, and you need not find the one million bushels of wheat."

How kind! 'Twas no use hesitating. They did so, and staggered home. That afternoon Wonderguilt was pronounced the greatest genius in Wall-street, and became—*viva voce*—the

Emperor of Bulls; while those who lost were called gamblers. No dividends came in that year. Many orphans had to go out into service, and widows became governesses. To be sure, several speculators, who had been on the wrong side, became drunkards; but then, "you know, their habits were always bad!" A few suicides made news for paper-venders; but then, "you see, these men were weak, and never should have gone down-town!"

Every body now watched Wonderguilt. Relays of spotters dogged his steps and tried to intercept his telegrams. Not a few of these he rolled over in the dust, by sending orders to "buy" when he meant "sell." His telegrams were copied. The spotters bought from his own brokers, who sold. The market came down with a run. They couldn't carry—failed—went under, and he breathed more freely.

Now, Eugene had hired an office in the neighborhood, and "watched the market." Did you ever know a person who "watched the market?" No? Well, it means, to take all the morning and evening papers, so as to get at both sides; eat a hearty breakfast of the very best cooking the club can afford; ride down in a *coupé*—an omnibus delayed might lose some fifteen hundred dollars. The mind must be kept

free. And then, again, by riding alone, you can see who are down first, and follow in their wake. A good cigar helps much.

"Watching the market" is a very exhausting occupation, for you must ask many questions, listen to every body, and never by any chance tell any thing yourself. To do this well, the system must be tuned to concert pitch, and divers drinks are to be taken, say every hour. If varied, in quality, they do no harm. Besides, you know, a fellow must treat the "Pointers;" and while they are pouring your generosity down their throats, if you ask their opinion, no gentleman would refuse you. By one o'clock you have watched enough, and formed conclusions. Then go away from the market; "watch-pot never boils." It is astonishing how many business men have decided that between one and two o'clock it is injudicious to "watch the market!" Whereas, if you go away and change the scene, you come back fresh, and ready to cope with any new quotation. Even at the Goodwood races one little turn hides all the men and horses from your view. Eugene always found that the best way to change the scene was to lunch at Delmonico's; and he did so.

Why it is not called "dining," nobody knows, unless it would sound wrong to take two

dinners the same day. But when the lunch consists of one or two friends, a clean cloth, French waiters, soup, fish, fillet de bœuf, entrées, merrangue, cheese, champagne, claret, café noir, and even toothpicks, it looks, as Thackeray would say, "like base ingratitude to breakfast, and a want of confidence in dinner." Still, Eugene often thought that he could tell on which side of the fence the head men were, by the food they ordered. Perhaps this was the reason Wonderguilt and party always lunched in a private apartment.

Now, fortified as to the inner man, it is easy enough to watch the market till three and sometimes four o'clock. There is usually some capitalist who has been manœuvring all day, who must be pumped. Eugene knows he is prosperous, for he generally walks home; and exercise is rarely followed as a pleasure save during the happy days of success. So Tipsell offers his *coupé* and a good Partega, and lets the party talk of what he pleases, till just before they stop. A few words then pay him handsomely for his ride.

But, strange as it may seem, the process of watching the markets goes on long after there are any markets and office-hours, and the system of training is carried out with rigid—luxury.

Singular— isn't it?—that, when great physical exertion is to be gone through with, the body diets and hard, rude labor prepares the athlete for the prize. But when a mighty, fiscal point is to be gained, all the pampered living must be followed strictly to "keep the mind up to the fearful strain." So Eugene generally dines out, or with some *alter primus*; and then, for fear he should "get down," a theatre each night is visited. No seat is taken—this would be too puerile; but a fashionable walking-ticket is purchased. With particular care Eugene shows himself on both sides of the parquette, looking to be looked at, drinking to keep up, and leaving just as the point of acting is reached. Private-boxes exhibit him from a powerful point of view. Young ladies cling to him to help their coterie, but generally the falling of the curtain brings on the rising of the wine-glass; so he must go. This had been Eugene's life for five full years. He had gone "up in a balloon," and down "in a diving-bell," but still he floated, no one knew how. Always well-dressed, handsome, cheerful, thoughtful, some said he was buoyed up by a borrowed life-preserver. Still, he paid as he went, and never acknowledged any thing but that he "watched the market."



### CHAPTER XIII.

HAVING left Cora with promises of untiring labor, Eugene offered large rewards for the body, and set every one he could arouse to exertion to drag the harbor, making them promise to telegraph him the instant they found the corpse. He then hurried on, but arrived at the wharf just as the boat was backing out. By judicious climbing he got in through the fire-room, at the expense of some dirt and a sprained wrist. This helped him much. He hailed the storm with joy, for he would now be the first to tell the news in Wall street—when he was ready!

Arriving in New York, he took a cup of coffee, and at once went to his room in a downtown hotel, leaving word he was going to bed, and wished to be called at nine o'clock. Closing the shutters and throwing off his great-coat, he lit the gas, opened his valise, took out writing-materials, and spread Harry's last letter, two pages long, before him. He did

not read it, for he knew its contents by heart; but each word, and the way it was made, occupied him closely.

In the course of half an hour Tipsell folded up a check and put it in his pocket. The letter he had been examining still lay on the table. On the first and third pages it was written over, but the second page was clean. I give the letter in full, with Tipsell's second page introduced. The date he changed from 5th to 15th:

"VILLA FELICE, September 15th, 18—.

"DEAR TIPSELL:

"In answer to yours of yesterday, I would say that, at present, my engagements are such that I cannot leave for even a day. Accept my thanks, however, for your kind suggestions relative to the stocks. I hope you'll make something out of this 'point.' Do nothing for me, however, as I am too busy to watch the market. I have just bought a span of gray horses, young, light, very stylish, and [the pride of all the jockeys. They are too fast for me, as I prefer repose to excitement; but I trust you will accept them, together with the harness and sundown to match, as a slight return for the many favors you have heaped upon me. I have a strange presentiment I shall not live long. If



any thing ever happens to me, keep an eye on my family, and watch faithfully over the interests of my beloved wife. I enclose my check for \$16,670.43, in full of all I owe you, and am sorry I could not send it sooner. I hope to visit New York in December. They say the new opera will be splendid, as the singers are to be the very best, and are] thoroughly trained. Still, I shall not decide hastily on their merits till I have given them a fair trial. If they turn out as my friends seem to think they will, I shall take my wife with me.

“In haste, yours truly,

“HENRY MARVEL.”

It was wonderfully well done, and ran very smoothly. Besides, Eugene used his “temporary ink,” an invention of his own, too valuable to patent. Carefully putting the letter in his pocket, he finished his coffee and a roll, and walked down to Harry’s bankers. They were not in; so he went to his own office, and, sitting down, called Dripps, and sent him with the enclosed check:

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(No. 875.)

"NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 18—.

*B. Dinn & Co., Bankers,*

*Pay to the Order of Eugene Tipsell,  
sixteen thousand six hundred and seventy  $\frac{1}{100}$   
dollars.*

\$16,670. $\frac{1}{100}$ .

*Henry Marvel.*

---

with orders to wait till he saw the principal. In twenty minutes the boy came back with a check for the money, drawn on a city bank.

"Dripps!"

"Yes, sir."

"If any body calls to see me, say I will be back in three hours."

"Yes, sir. That poor woman was here again last evening, just as I was locking up, and said I was to hand you this, as it concerned you."

Eugene took the note with a frown and an oath, and stuffed it in his vest-pocket.

"Did she say any thing else?"

"No, sir; only she was very cold, wet, and hungry."

"Well, what did you give her?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Why not?"

"You know you always forbid me to encourage beggars. But if ever I saw one, she is about as far gone off this world as any of them."

"Fool!" muttered Eugene, "you might at least—— Well, never mind. Remember, I will be here at one o'clock."

Walking, almost skipping, as fast as suspicion would permit, Eugene cashed his check, then went to his own bank and deposited the money. He wouldn't trust another check. He then bought some crape, which he had sewed round his hat halfway up, lest, in his anxiety to mourn, he should overdo it. "I can only weep on the half-shell—ha! ha!" He then unbuttoned his gold vest-chain and put it in his pocket, substituted a large black Stanley scarf for his light-blue cravat, and, putting on a pair of black gloves, entered the counting-house of Dinn & Co., bankers, just as Mr. Dinn had finished reading that morning's mail.

Mr. Dinn was a moneyed man in every sense of the word. Nothing was admitted to his presence that had not a financial characteristic. Even his appearance suggested a sort of quarterly balance-sheet. His gold spectacles, and silvery hair covered by a hat with plenty of margin for a brim, gave dignity to consequence.

He was long on coat-tails and short on trowsers, with a stock for his necktie, and invariably flourished his handkerchief as though it were a heavy bill of exchange payable at sight. As a preacher, he preferred St. Paul, and took kindly to reading; and a general air of greenbacks pervaded the sanctity of his furniture.

"Good morning, Mr. Tipsell."

"Good morning, Mr. Dinn. I would like to see you in the back-office for a few moments."

"Certainly.—Thomas, make out Mr. Jenkins' statement, and charge him one eighth commission. He is a new man. Time enough in three months to make it only one sixteenth.—Tipsell, my dear fellow, I sincerely hope there's no trouble in your family. Your countenance, your manner, and, now I look again, your dress, worry me. I hope your family are well?"

"You forget, Mr. Dinn, I have no family; but I have—lost—one—I look—looked upon as a bro—brother!"—taking Dinn's hand and squeezing it with tremulous emotion.

"Why! who's dead?"

"Harry."

"Harry who?"

"Marvel, sir."

"What! You astound me! It can't be! I never heard he was sick."

"Not that."

"What then?"

"You know the storm yesterday?"

"Yes; well, go on—try to command yourself."

"Harry went out in his sail-boat—the 'Frisky,' you know her."

"Yes, I have been in her—very safe—on account of the air-chambers in her. He could not have been drowned!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Dinn,"—with a gulp and a shudder. "No, sir; he was murdered."

"Murdered!"—ringing his bell, then jumping up and running to his front office: "Mr. Stopcock—Stopcock! where's Knale?"

"Here, sir."

"Cancel all orders from Mr. Marvel—Mr. Henry Marvel. And, Knale, make out a full statement to date. Mark the time I gave you this order, and, as soon as you can, bring me his account.—Excuse me, Mr. Tipsell; as a business-man I had to do it. Poor Harry! what a fine fellow, to be sure!—always made good his losses. What a genial fellow!—never found fault with any transaction, even if it went against him. What an easy, happy-go-lucky man!—By-the-by, that was a wise idea of yours this morning."

"What do you refer to?"

"That check for \$16,000."

"Oh, yes. I wanted to get it off my mind. Besides, I owed a heavy balance myself. It was a painful but necessary duty. Had I waited twenty-four hours, I could not have got it for perhaps a year; and you know what cash is now."

"Yes, yes,"—rubbing his hands—"worth one quarter to three eighths a day—twenty-four hours! Why, had I heard of Harry's death, I would have been forced to stop its payment till I consulted his lawyer. Just as well—nay, even better as it is. Business always before pleas—I mean feelings."

"See," said Eugene, taking out his letter, wrapped in the piece of crape left from his hat; "see the dear fellow's last lines to me, written only two days ago. It passed me on the way, and was remailed to me in New York."

Dinn read it carefully, and, folding it up, discussed at length the merits of the case. Piper came in for a good share of abuse, until Eugene rose, saying,

"I must leave you now, Mr. Dinn. My nerves are shattered by travelling all night after

such a blow, and I have not yet breakfasted. You cannot imagine my feelings."

No, he could not ; few could !

Eugene next went to Delmonico's, where he took a whole room to himself. " I think I can afford this to-day," he soliloquized, and did ample justice to a broiled tenderloin steak, omelette au rhum, hot coffee, and a Napoleon cigar. Notices, "Died suddenly, in his 32d year," &c., were then written out in a bold hand, and marked "*Post*," "*Tribune*," "*Times*," and "*Herald*," and endorsed by him. Next he drove to each office and paid for their insertion. Then he visited the head of the police, and detailed at length the dreadful news, not omitting a vivid description of the manner in which he seized Piper, fiercely struggling, and held him down till they handcuffed him. Leaving a check for five hundred dollars on account for immediate expenses, he begged the superintendent to work up the case. "For," said he, "I feel very sure there must be some one else in it."

That afternoon the club-room found a change from *ennui* in the loss of "one of the best fellows, and with every thing you know to make him happy."

Gentlemen sat longer at dinner that day. They ate more food, drank more wine, smoked

better cigars, and talked with more vivacity, in the evening, over the sad end of poor Harry, than you could have supposed them capable of. Young aspirants played billiards later, and yawned while they pocketed Piper and caromed on the "Frisky." Ladies sighed, and wondered whom Cora would marry next, and argued hotly over the matter, until one spinster exclaimed, with righteous indignation,

"Don't—oh, don't talk so! He's not yet cold!"

"Yes, he is," said two or three; "and, besides, Cora wouldn't fret for any thing. It would spoil her complexion."

"Oh, how beautifully he danced!"

"And what a voice he had!"

"Jennie, I'll give you a dozen gloves if she isn't married before the year's out."

In fact, they played "Biddy, hold fast my gold ring." The only thing they wanted to know was, with whom he had left the ring. Some drew patterns of boats to be worked in worsted for screens, to remember him by; while others felt so much for poor Harry they couldn't bear to think of it.

Two weeks later Cora received a notice from the dead-letter office, informing her that a letter addressed to her was held for postage, and await-



ed a three-cent stamp. Irritated and miserable, she enclosed the stamp, with a few lines, and directed it to

“JOSHUA BENDER,  
“Third Ass Postmaster,  
“Washington, D. C.”





## CHAPTER XIV.

THE day following the great storm, and the arrest of Piper for the murder of Harry Marvel, Mrs. Heavyclover, armed with an umbrella and a pocket edition of Murray's Grammar, stopped at the jail and rang the bell very much as a dentist would pull a back tooth. Energy was her leading trait ; and this afternoon in particular she personated an adverb qualifying the passive verb " to suffer " (terribly) !

Mr. Blossom, the jailer, jumped up from his hospitable table, where the parlor-boarders were enjoying a twelve-o'clock dinner, thinking some new prisoner had been brought in ; but seeing only Mrs. Heavyclover, of whom he had heard much and thought nothing, he suggested more calmness in her pursuit of the tooth-drawing business, hinting that she had come near pulling out not only the tooth but the nerve and the jaw also ; and closed with saying in a derisive manner :

"Better allays to leave suffin'g for next time."

"I come here, sir," said she, "on an errand of mercy, and your business (in a crescendo voice) is to open the door and shut your mouth!"

With that she clapped her umbrella under her arm, as a countryman does a young pig, and actually swelled through the entry till she stood in front of Piper's door.

"Let me in and leave us; I say 'us,' for he is still a human being."

"Poor fellow," said Blossom to himself, and shaking his head as he went away. "If this be her 'mercy,' what is her justice?"

Since the days of Job it has been a fixed law in human nature that no one comes to sit in judgment on you till you are dying: no one rubs your back except against the grain. They don't care to apply salves and wash the wound; but it is their special delight to unwind the bandages and examine the extent of the damage. Like "modern practice," it is all diagnosis—precious little treatment. "I told you so," "you wouldn't take my advice," "served you right," "a man must starve before he exceeds his income, no matter how poor he is," are the cold-blooded aphorisms of popular philanthro-

pists, who are invariably selfish, for they insist on cheering, curing, or even killing you their own way. What a world this would be if a man had no contemporaries ! It made no difference to this head-centre of the "house of correction" whether Piper was guilty or not guilty. He was under a cloud, and she was self-commisioned to let in daylight even if she had to make him see stars. Sitting beside his bed, with his venerable head leaning on one hand, and the other following the lines as he spelt out each word in his family Bible, Piper looked up as the door slammed and locked itself, leaving him very much in the same situation as the Lion and Vanamburg, with Vanamburg a little more so. Converting did not seem to enter into the account as much as taming, and in that department Mrs. Heavyclover was in her element. Standing like a rock—the Tarpian—she turned her head on one side and then on the other to get a sort of double view of her victim, and contemplated him with the same pleasure that a butcher eyes a fat, well-fed bullock he is about to knock in the head. Piper was chuck full of sin, and she was boiling over with a purifying zeal ! He looked up again from his Bible, and took a careful observation this time of the new meteor that had shot across his dark horizon ;

braced his system, slightly coughed, then rising respectfully, offered her his chair.

"Won't you take a seat, marm? I've only this one to offer."

"No; I never sit while I talk, and I've come to talk—to see if any thing can be done with you."

Her manner was so very coarse, while her gorgonic throat cast forth her words like so many bombshells right at him, that, though much subdued, Piper reseated himself, and said:

"Who sent you, marm?"

"Nobody. The murder of my friend's husband called me from my studies to penetrate this horrid mystery, and separate the truth. What do you mean?" she shrieked out, and stood still while her expressive features continued the subject by asking, "Where did you come from? Whom do you belong to? And which way are you going?" A real camp-meeting address, boiled down.

"What are you?" again she cannon-bawled, and pinched her umbrella.

"'A child of God,' marm, 'and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"I don't mean all that—every body knows that."

"Yes, but they don't feel it."

"I mean that I cannot treat you unless I know what you are."

"Well, marm, in another way, I am the victim of circumstantial evidence. I never killed poor Mr. Harry."

"You never did, eh? Oh, that's it. Well, we'll see what the law says on that subject."

"The law, marm, which I may say I don't know much about it; but it seems to my mind somehow as you can't convict a party till the murdered body has been found."

"Subterfuge!" exclaimed Mrs. Heavy-clover with contempt. "You killed him or you didn't, whether the body's found or not; that's got nothing to do with the point. A few days will settle the evidence."

"It isn't that, marm, that's a-worrying me to nigh my grave."

"Oh, it isn't that, eh!—you've no remorse—you meant to do it, did you? Beast! Well, I never!"

He went on without minding her. "It is foul suspicion and false accusation."

"False stuff and nonsense."

"No it isn't, marm. That ere master, 'Eugene,' as he calls hiself, you ought to ha' seen the way he crowded sail on me, and all the time he spoke of murder, dreadful crimes, and

the like ; though they was about his lost friend, his voice never shook, his eyes dropped no tears ; but to me, an ignorant man without larning, he looked too happy for a mourner."

"Don't talk to me," said Mrs. Heavyclover, "in that heathenish way ; prepare for repentance."

"That's what I am always a-trying to do ; but it aint so easy, the examples afore you are so hard to follow ; they might lead a poor sinner like me astray."

"I brought a book I thought might do something towards helping you on the road to glory."

"A thankee, marm ; I've just been reading the Scriptures, and there's enough in 'em for even such as I am to understand and live and feel good on."

"Oh ! but it isn't the Bible."

"Eh, what ? I beg pardon, marm."

"No. It is 'Murray's Grammar.'"

"'Murray's Grammar ?' I never heerd on him. Was he a saint, marm ?"

"Saint, no ; he was a sensible man."

"What did he do, marm ?"

"He laid down rules."

"Laid down rules, eh ? Well, that was very kind, to be sure."

"Yes, and he divided up parts of speech."

She was softening a little, for she was on her hobby.

“Parts of speech ; what’s that ?”

“Well, he has written out for the uneducated a guide to show them how not to go wrong, and always to speak correctly.”

“Then he’s down on swearing. I like that. You’re right, marm, he is a sensible man. Any thing else ?”

“No, certainly not. Is it not enough if we become perfectly familiar with our mother tongue ? What more can you possibly want than to speak correctly ? Not one in a thousand does so.”

“Ah ! but you see this Book, marm, shows us how to act correctly. A poor man like me- self hasn’t the time to work up our comas, and let go our verbs, we belays around a noun, and hang on to it till we’re took off. But the busiest sailor can find time to read a line a-day, and that has food enough in it to last you till the next time. For instance : ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ;’ again, ‘The just shall live by faith ;’ once more, ‘Ask, and ye shall receive ;’ again, ‘Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.’ Can you find any thing in Master Murray like that ? Any blind man can see that ; and I can tell you any unhappy



man can feel that. He can anchor in any of those little coves till he gets enough larning aboard to make another trip. The more you read my book, the more you go on acting correctly."

"But Murray teaches you to speak so that the world can understand you."

"But the Bible teaches us to act so that God can love you."

"Yes, but Murray shows you exactly what a word comes from."

"Well, marm, and my Book tells me that the 'Word was God,' and that is enough for me. It teaches that every body has a word, marm, which is the chart of their lives; and when I want to think of what is right, I ask myself, 'Piper, what is your word? Is it money, drink, pride, temper, passion, indolence?' and that sort of cross-questioning does me good. If any man will tell me his word, I will tell him his life; and if I know his life, I can pretty much tell his death; and if I know his death, I know his end—no, marm, I was wrong; not his end, but the beginning of heaven or hell!"



## CHAPTER XV.

MRS. HEAVYCLOVER was considerably taken aback ; she had come to convert a pagan, and she found him teaching her ; she had started on a parsing-tour, and to her surprise met an adverb, instead of a weak noun, who was qualifying her into silence. This is the common experience of conceited ignorance.

“ My benighted enthusiast, this kind of talk would have sounded very well a century ago ; but you forget that we live in a progressive age. You are walking in a religious turnpike, whereas I have come to show you the railroad. You must respect knowledge. Hear what the learned say, even in the pulpit.”

“ I beg pardon, marm ; but knowledge and all them such things comes from the head. They are what I call the anatomy of the mind ; but what comes from the heart is warm flesh and blood. Knowledge is only a drawing ; but I take it when a man speaks from the heart it is like a painting, full of colors that come from the

good or evil passions. You can draw, marm, without painting, but you cannot paint without drawing. So it is with the parson-preachers nowadays; no matter how well they draw, when they see how cold, after all, it looks, and set about painting, why they has to begin at the beginning. Some on 'em is good, very good; they tries hard to please, for they reads and reads; but few on 'em thinks. Now to my ignorant mind, them as reads only draws when they write, while them as thinks and feels and believes, paints. The passions are the things that touches the heart, such as King David's Psalms, and they last forever. They can't grow old-fashioned. Knowledge requires too much memory for such folks as I be; and that's what's the matter with your Murray. But when a gospel preacher touches the heart, man's earthly soul, I call it, it isn't difficult to recollect what he says, for it goes right into a man and forms part of his conscientious muscle. We may forget the food that we eat last month, but our bodies are strengthened by it. Now I don't mind the clergy-folks a-talking big so that we can look way up to them, and the rich people feel they have learnt something new, but, I do say, there ought to be a poor man's corner in every sermon."

Mrs. Heavyclover folded her arms and gazed in wonder ; so much common sense coming out of rags ! Could it be possible that her theory was wrong ?

I believe, and so would you, if you only thought fit, that people's actions are in no slight degree influenced by what they come in contact with. In fact, human nature is materially affected by surroundings. People who sip tea think tea, and those who drink coffee write coffee. It was eminently so with Mrs. Heavyclover. Had she drank milk, she would have thought milk, if it had not turned. But she was hydropathy in and out. All the warm-blooded thoughts of a generous heart had been washed away, and what was left had been starched and hung out to dry. She eat big hominy and acted grits ; dumb-belled the cordial grasp out of her hands ; walked off any gentle tread in her elephantine feet by " putting them down " so often ; and never could treat any subject as if it were glass. Oh, no ! It was " shoulder arms," a baby ; " present arms," a tract ; " order arms," silence. She would load your mind with a fact, using the ramrod to the farthest extent, and then fire off your deeds by a sort of trip-hammer way of her own, harsh, discordant, terribly grating to any gentleman, be he rich or poor.

Heavyclover acted the part of a padded figure-head, on which she practised, especially during a rainy season. He was pounded with words—the worst kind of beating—till fatigue brought a pause to his relief—not altogether a satisfactory life for one who married as well for “better” as for “worse.”

Mrs. Heavyclover had, moreover, one disease which soon became a sort of epidemic: she never believed in what she could lay her hands on. Something afar off had charms, superiority—every thing but cheapness; and, consequently, she went everywhere. More people are afflicted in this way than you can imagine. The first symptom was, that nothing about her was good; the acute stage was, that every thing in another city was fine. If a child was sick, air four hundred miles off must be breathed. A dress is to be bought, or a bonnet purchased; though French milliners crowded this fashionable resort, and first-class stores were ready to receive her with open arms, New York shops, with New York rents and French styles, must be visited. Perhaps this is one of the many reasons American ladies prefer Paris costumes. The “goes” is the most catching of all the troubles of private life; and, what is sad, is, that it is rarely cured, for by-and-by the money,

that took so long to come, is contaminated too ; then look out ; for when it begins to go, go it will, never to return. This attack of the "goes" had halved poor Heavyclover's fortune ; but, like the cork leg, his wife "got up, and was off again." The amount of it was, that this ministering angel came to the conclusion that she had no influence over the condemned in her own town ; whereas, when visiting the forlorn and lost in other cities, as one of an executive committee, they had listened to her without appeal. Only celestial objects have no shadow ; and, while she stood in Piper's room, every thing felt dark ; her flame produced smoke, for there is always a background in this world. But, though overpowered by depressing influences, there was that within him that she could not dim. In the good and virtuous the soul shines out ; but in the bad it can only cast its rays upon them, like a light-house amid shoals. A Christian's face is a polished mirror ; but a sinner's, made of thickened clay, possesses no power of reflecting truth, no capabilities of perspicacity. As Mrs. Heavyclover flounced out of the cell, Piper let his head fall on the table, and groaned aloud :

"Lina ! Lina ! where are you, my child ? Come back to your father, and say no more.

He'll forgive all. He's low enough now for even you to visit. My poor girl! God is good, and His ways are past finding out, indeed. He has crushed me, for I was too proud, too self-righteous, to pardon my daughter, who had got on the rocks—as if it wasn't my duty to stand by the little craft the more because she foundered at sea; yes, and what makes it worse, in sight of land—before her father's very door! But alas! I have nothing left to fight against. I'm all soft now—nothing hard here," beating his breast; "and I can truly say, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Yes, it is easy now to lift her up and say, 'God bless her poor, benighted soul, and save the fragments, too!' for there is always something left after every wreck—something that showed strength or beauty or God's love. But when I think——"

Just then Mr. Blossom came in with his dinner.

"What, messmate! crying after old one's visit? I should 'a' sworn you'd been a cussing, rather."

"No, Jack; I pity her."

"Pity her! The warmint! why, she don't know the meaning of that word."

"That's it. 'Blessed are the merciful, for

they shall obtain mercy ;' and, when I think that such as she rides rough-shod over poor criminals, and grasps them round the throat with one hand while she punches truth into them with the other, and pulls out all the worst feelings of a man only to leave them sticking in new places, oh, I pity her ! for it will be hard for her to pass muster in the next world."

"The fact is, Piper, I've seen her often here. She comes to all the pet cases."

"What are they?"

"Such as gets talked about. And when she's through, it takes extra food and good company to save the wretches. Why, they cuss and cuss for half an hour after she's out of sight."

"But we can pray for her, Jack ; she needs it."

"Aye, to be sure she does, Piper ; but I save all my prayers for her mate. 'Deliver us from evil,' sez I."

"Poor Heavyclover !" said Piper ; "the squeeze he gave my hand as he left some tobacco with me this morning, unbeknown to her, done me more good nor a hundred such fire-engines. But God help us all, for we need it, Jack."

"Amen, Piper. The fools ! to go and lock



up a man like you, when you're just as free from murder as my pet hen. Wait a bit, and your turn'll come ; never fear."

"Thankee, Jack. I will try to bear up, for poor Lina's sake ; and, if I get out of this place with no stain, I'll find her yet, and do her justice. You remember her, Jack?"

"Aye. Fresh as butter and bright as a pink."





## CHAPTER XVI.

How the day went Eugene couldn't have told. All he knew was, that after Marvel's murder had got about, one, two, three, forty persons flocked in to chew the cud with him. This was too much ; so he sat down and wrote a note to Frank Harber, a good young man, whom Tipsell never helped but always trusted.

"DEAR HARBER:

"I have gone through too much for my nerves. Please come to my office and fill any orders, while I go home to rest off an intense headache. I will give you, as usual, one sixty-fourth on all transactions.

E. T."

Eugene went at once to his rooms up-town, and tried to shut out thought. He would have drank himself to sleep now, but he feared, as yet, to silence his mind. He might at any moment be called upon to act for others and himself ; so, kicking off his boots, and telling the

servant to say he was "out" to every body but Dripps, rolled into bed and turned, and thought, and wakened. It was a struggle between mind and body for some time. Thoughts, flying around his brain like streaks of lightning, kept him busy till exhausted nature asserted her rights.

It was six o'clock, and he had only just fallen asleep, rather ceased from thinking, when he heard a noise as it were repeated. Half rousing at the sound of his name, he jumped up and opened the door. The servant brought him a letter.

"Your clerk said there was no answer."

Tearing it open, he read a list of business done that day—not much. "Nothing special; will call for orders to-morrow, at half-past eight." There was a printed list of stocks, and a dirty yellow envelope, with the following superscription:

"Same person called again, just as I was leaving. Said you were to read this to-night."

"Confound it," said Eugene. "I forgot the hag. Let's see; I'll look at this first." So, taking up number two, he read, in a neat, strong hand:

"This is my second appeal. Fail, and my third will be your ruin. Meet me to-night at 'Kate Hades.' Remember, the password is 'Lucky.'  
LINA."

Grinding his teeth, and looking at his watch, number one fell on the floor. He picked it up, and read :

"Hungry, angry, and penniless, I come for my allowance. You would like me to die—but not yet! I have something still to do. Soul you have not, or it's so small it is not worth looking for; but if your gizzard will not make you call and see me, leave the money at your office. I spent my last cent on a *Herald* 'Personal;' but I fancy you don't read the papers much. There are too many crimes brought to light in them—too much police business. My first warning.  
LINA."

Locking his door, Eugene took a stiff drink of brandy, lit a fresh cigar, and sat down in his easy-chair. "A few minutes to spare yet," said he, as he felt his pulse. "Too fast by fifteen beats. Something must be up. I never knew her mad before. What a woman! What a hag! What a constitution! She's right; she

won't die. I've never seen a case like this before. Some go crazy, others sink and vanish, but she—there's no blotting her out. She never rests, and yet I always stumble on her in the dark and at the very time of all others I want to be alone, and just as I'm head over ears in the most important matters."

Counting out fifty dollars in fives and tens, he disguised himself, and, refilling his brandy-flask, screwed the cover on tightly. He then buttoned up, and, with a chill that shivered through him, fastened his door and went downstairs, muttering, "I must and will get rid of her somehow; why, she'd spoil this Cora business, for there's no stopping her. I never had such a nuisance in my life."

Taking a carriage, he drove down to the Astor House, and left it. Then getting into a car, he rode up to Anthony, now Worth street, and walked down, past Centre. Turning to his right he soon found his way to a blind alley, half-lit by lamps that seemed ashamed to give full lustre to their beams. Mud and smell pervaded every thing. The very senses seemed to be served up in the gutter and sidewalk, raw. With difficulty avoiding drunken men and urgent women, almost suffocated by the foul breath of the foetid lane, Eugene stopped at a

cellar-door, and went down. Scratching his way along a sweaty wall, unable to see much through the darkness, he came suddenly to a sharp turn on the left. Here the walls were boarded and whitewashed, and every twenty feet a gaslight brightened up the passage, though the low ceiling made all men short who came that way. His steps were now arrested by a door with iron grating, and on the right a bell enclosed by bars, lest drunken revellers should pull it off. He put out his hand to ring, when a red-haired woman, freckled brown, opened a little glass window through the grating, and asked him what he wanted. Tipsell gave the password—"Lucky"—and the door at once slid open; a second sort of gate next gave way before him, and he entered a long hall. Music now reached his ear, and, as he mounted the stairs, the dazzling lights and crowded room, heartless laugh and coarsest jokes, full-sized oaths and chink of glasses, together with a smell of ether, sand, and dirty oil, kept down by musk, fell full and heavy on him. Retiring to one side, he surveyed the spectacle with a bored look. It was an old story to him.

Here were men and women on a par, Bachelors and Benedicts in full blast, going through the wildest pranks. Two aldermen, with four

detectives, stood in plain dress looking on and giving city money now and then to urge the more desperate to active feats. Here, too, were several blighted youths "watching the market;" for a heavy speculator had been tracked to this spot, and might be seen at the further end of the table with his greenbacks, testing chance, and smoking; wine he never touched. On their fingers the more fortunate wore beautiful jewelry, often the emblems of a borrowed love.

A mathematical Christian — one of those procrustean Protestants who measure religion by the yard, and require a certain number of repentant feet before they cancel an offence — would have consigned one and all of these poor creatures to the abomination of desolation. It is only those who (think they) have never done wrong that judge the sin instead of the temptation. Starving purity will have a far higher reward in the next world than apoplectic goodness or fat charity. Hopeless sermons do little good. There is no despair in the "Lord's Prayer."

If you want to know exactly who and what were there, take all the virtues, and write them out in separate slips; put them in a bag and shake them up, then scatter the letters on the floor, and ask a Dupin to spell out what they once were. "Goodness" has been torn to pieces.

The G is now an oath ; the OO count money, and nothing can be found but D.\* Again he looks about, and all he can pick up of "virtue" is its end.† At least a "mother" will remain true to her instincts? Alas! no. M‡ has fallen off of many mothers, and other uses change their nature. M is only here a symbol. Perhaps concealed by crime, but true to second self, "Love," the last to leave a healthy mind, has kept her own. No ; wrong again. L turned to liquor, V became a bribe, E was bought to make up game, and O§ alone remained. In calm despair for these lost souls, on looking over this sad mass of mosaic sins, one thought still clings for sympathy.

Though "goodness" vanished, "virtue" died, a "mother" lost herself in buried children, and "love" went on "change," one hope at least is left. "Woman" may still be found amid this herd? Not so! Unsexed, she is not recognized by language, looks, or habits. All is gone of her but one last letter N.|| And as he reads the sum and substance of his spell-bound curiosity, the truth, half-crushed, brings forth to view the last of earthly titles ere the devil claims his own.

\* † ‡ § ||  
D E M O N.





## CHAPTER XVII.

JUST as the band stopped playing and the crowd pressed near the windows for fresh air, a fearfully pale, thin woman, with large, round, shiny, hazel eyes, approached Eugene, and, beckoning to him, said, "Come!" If she had but just left him, she could not have displayed less emotion. There was neither disgust, hatred, nor affection. A business-look alone was to be seen.

"Where?"

"Up-stairs. Hurry, for the others will be there at half-past twelve, and one of them is angry."

Eugene walked quietly along; there was no help for it. Lina at once turned on the gas and locked the door, and, going up to where he stood, said,

"Quick—my money!"

Hastily taking out the fifty dollars, he paid her.

"This is to last till New Year's, mind."

"So you say."

"Yes, Lina; but if you will only go somewhere else—to Europe, or the West—I'll make it one hundred dollars a month."

"No use, my dear, to talk in that vein!" said she, with a hollow laugh. "You know, we swore never to part; and you have not forgotten how happy both of us were the first two weeks. No, no—I cannot go away! I take a deep interest in you still, 'my 'itty p'um par-tidge! I'm 'oors!'" And with that she put both arms around his neck, as if to embrace him; then, with a shudder, pushed him off, saying, "Ha! I couldn't do it again—no, not if I were shot," counted the money, and slipped it into a pocket in her sleeve.

"Lina, what do you mean by writing threats? What do you want?" asked Eugene, as he twirled his mustache rather roughly.

"Every thing I can get," said the poor girl, sitting down and throwing her apron over her head; then, tearing it off and rocking to and fro, she added: "Nothing you can give me. First of all, I want to die. I want *that* twenty times more than you do; but I can't, yet; something in me—perhaps the cinders only of my soul—whisper that I may yet be of use. If the road to hell is paved with good resolutions,

the road to heaven is also paved with *kept* resolutions. This is my only comfort. I expose myself to all weathers ; I never eat twice at the same hour ; I can't sleep till morning, and yet my mind seems to grow at the expense of every thing else. When I do fall into unconsciousness, though my body keeps still, my fiery brain will roam far, far away from sin and guilt, remorse and punishment, back to childhood, a happy home and innocent amusements—bread, not brandy—milk, instead of mischief. I get to my little bed in the southeast room, and leave my poor dear parents sitting by the kitchen-fire. Soon mother—sainted mother!—comes to kiss me for good-night. Just as I put out my arms for one soft hug, and raise my head to receive her nightly blessing, you thrust your heartless face between us, and I spin away like a bullet, till I strike a granite wall, and find myself laid out on the hard, cold floor.”

Eugene, in spite of himself, felt very solemn. She stood in front of him, searching in vain to find one little place perhaps not yet dead to feeling, and continued :

“I have tried not to sleep, and sit up now till I fall senseless ; but no, it will come at last, and with it your scowling countenance. This does me good, for it braces me up to my duty.

The worst person in this world has some good deed to do."

"What do you want? I ask you again. Speak, girl! we have but little time left."

"I want virtue—I can't get it! I want peace, and it is gone, never, never to return! I want kindness," said she, trembling, "but I couldn't stand it; that would kill me! I can only live on hard fare now. Unbind the broken heart, and it would bleed to death."

"This is madness—folly! I myself am not too happy, but I'm not a fool. Go away, I tell you! Leave this city, and you'll cheer up soon enough. Why do you stay in this low hole? Your money does not seem to last a week. What do you do with it?—you certainly don't put it on your back? Why don't you lead a respectable life?"

"Ah, that's my secret! I feel less wretched here than if I went among the pure and deceived them all by my neat appearance and quiet manners. I want to wear my letter on my breast. I want to die by inches in this world; and then—and then, perhaps, that great good Name I dare not mention yet, may see fit to let me be near my mother in another world—that mother whom I killed by grief through you!" That word seemed to strike a spark

from her soul; she softened down to gentlest pleading: "Oh, Eugene, if you ever loved me—cared for any thing but my beauty—give up this wild, bad life that you lead! I ask nothing for myself; but my Saviour has conquered, and I would save the man who ruined me." And, holding up her little tapering hands, she pleaded with him.

"Too late!" said Tipsell, for a moment influenced, not by her words, but in a certain light he saw once more that old, sweet, limpid look.

"Go your own way, then," said she; "I can't follow you any longer. Our paths separate from to-day. I found I could do much by forcing myself to see the man who deceived me. Yes, indeed. Sometimes I faltered, and lay down to die; but after you had called, or I caught sight of you, and saw how a wanton hypocrite was received in good society, while his partner in the same crime, because she was a woman, was forever turned adrift, I formed resolutions, and have kept them. But stop!—they come! Mind what I say—Chubbs is mad."

Just then a double knock startled them. No, it was down-stairs. They had five minutes yet.

"Too late! Come, old gal, cheer up!—drown care, and take a drink!"

He approached to put his arm around her, holding out his brandy-flask.

A change came over her whole being at this dastardly want of feeling. She drew back, and dashed the bottle to the ground; the dove became a fiend. With starting eyes and gasping breath she pushed him up against the wall, and held him there. Taking from her bosom a newspaper, with all the self-command she could assume she held it up, exclaiming:

“Read this, devil without hell!”

He glanced at it, and turned pale.

“You put that in!”

“I did not, Lina; I as——”

“You lie, coward! You dare to accuse of murder the father of the child you ruined? Oh, Heaven! where do such beasts come from? Why are they not struck down by their own rottenness?”

“Lina, I was very sorry; I felt terribly, but I had to arrest your father. Every thing pointed to him. It was a duty I owed to Harry.”

“Duty!—you speak of duty! Kill a mother, crush a daughter, hang a father! Beast, I loathe you! No one deceives me twice. Yes, now I have an object—now I see why my prayer was not answered, and I was spared. As a just recompense for my wicked

course, I would have lived here till death carried me off. I would have burned to the socket by myself, and never would I have crossed my father's threshold, to add cares to his already gloomy home. But, now that he's a prisoner accused of murder—perhaps in jail—oh, horrid thought!—my place is by his side; and never will I leave him, or cease to hunt you down as the vilest of the vile, a hollow shell of falsest vows! Go—leave this room, and know that the curse of a wronged woman takes wings from heaven and hovers over the guilty man, till God permits him to be tortured into hell!" Rushing to the door, she opened it.

Two "parties" came in. One was dressed as an under-done gentleman; the other had on a red flannel shirt, a pair of rough-looking pants tucked in his heavy boots, while a slouchy hat hung well over his eyes, which at once became concentrated on the enormous waste of raw material in the shape of spilt brandy slinking away towards a closet.

Uncooked etiquette pointed towards Lina, and said, gruffly:

"No women-folks here; they are the leaks in this world; and that girl's no good, anyhow. She can't dance, she won't play, and—bah! she makes me sick! Get out!—do you hear?"

Lina left, and he continued, coming to the point at once :

"It's well-nigh up with us."

"Which job is that?"

"The poison case."

"Hush, man!" said Eugene, livid in spite of himself. "What do you mean? Didn't they bury him quietly on the island, according to contract?"

"No," said Chubbs, looking at Jaque for some assistance; "we thought it wasn't the thing. You see, he might be dug up."

"What kind of a reason is that?"

"I went myself to the office," said Chubbs, "and bought a blank certificate of burial—(a great place, that!)—all filled in and signed, and only had to put his name in—I mean the one I gin'im."

"Well, and why did you make a botch of it by going away from your promise? A wise man may halve a profit, but he's a fool who shares a crime."

He bit his nails to the quick, for his thermometer was fast going above 212°.

"You see," said Jaque, buttoning the sleeve of his shirt and hitching up his belt-strap, "we buried the box, but were a little afraid to have him lie so near us all the time. It kind 'a'



might have spoken out—don't you know? And, as bodies was at a premium, why, we met a party dreadful green, from the up-country, who took it right off our hands, seeing that in a few days it would be cut up so his own sister—if he had any—wouldn't 'a' known him."

"Who bought it?" cried Tipsell, vehemently catching hold of Chubbs.

"An oldish doctor. He said it was just what he wanted."

"Didn't he say where he was going to take it?"

"Not exactly. He told us where he was a-going to send it. Here's the paper;" and he read Dr. Rowfear's address. "Now, we've looked in the Directory, and there isn't no such doctor as lives there."

"But, man alive, you didn't sit still and suck your fingers when you found out it was a hoax!" replied Eugene.

"I guess I didn't sit still! Why, I went myself, with Jaque as the lookout, to the very place, and found——" He hesitated.

"Speak out! Don't drive a man mad! What did you find?"

"That two men had paid the freight and taken the body, no one knew where."

"And, after all," struck in Jaque, "perhaps he only wanted to make a 'specimen.'"

"Well, you can thank yourselves for this blunder," said Eugene, grinding his teeth, "and I'll have nothing more to do with it."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Chubbs, defiantly. "You'd better wait and hear what we've come for."

Tipsell looked up surprised.

"You see, the detectives is after 'Phil.' They've found the hackman, and tracked the body out of town. The Commissioners got us to re-dig the grave; and, of course, the body couldn't be found. Then they had up Jaque, and, before he knew where he was, they got out of him that a 'subject' was bought that day. It seems, also, they cannot find any records in the books down-town; and some spiteful fellow has begun to identify the missing body sold with that of the body of an unknown man found drowned."

"Now, Albany folks has forbidden such to be dissected. Besides, I don't like them M. P.'s getting ahead of us in that out-of-the-way place."

"Well, and what have I to do with it? Didn't I pay you handsomely for doing nothing?"

"Oh, yes," said Chubbs, with a leer, "that part's all right; but you see, Phil's Spanish uncle is on the scent, and is monstrous rich. He offers great rewards; and, as we didn't put Phil out of the way, unless you keep even with the price he promises, why, of course you couldn't blame us if we took the highest bid. That's business, you know."

"No offence," said Jaque, touching his hat; "we has to work for our livin'."

"You're both a couple of dastardly villains!" exclaimed Eugene, measuring strength with his eyes, while he turned ashy pale.

"It seems to me, partner, that your share in this matter isn't any too respectable, either!"

"What proof have you that I did it? You didn't see me. This was one of the worst men in New York."

"We know that, or he wouldn't ha' been in your company.—Come, now," said Chubbs, looking fiercely as Tipsell stepped towards him, "none of that! If you want to put the knuckles on, why, I am ready any time to shift your ears; but this is business, now, and you aint a-going to git me into a fight, nohow. If you want to know how I'd put the case on the witness-stand, why, I'd say as how he had been your tool for years, and had done awful lots for you, and

knew too much. Besides, when we took hold up-town, it was all over with him; you had dosed him too strong, and he never cum to. Poney down, then, right away, or off we go to the City Fathers. And, while you're at it, remember, his dear uncle may raise the price to-morrow."

"What will you both take to call it square, no matter what his uncle says or does? Be reasonable, now—don't pump me dry!" said he, with a knowing wink, "for I've got another game of hide-and-seek on hand, and you had better leave something for next time."

The two consulted together in one corner, and finally agreed. They took a piece of plaster off the mantel-piece, and scraped against the door :

"\$5,000 apeece."

Tipsell gazed, and thought—gnashed his teeth, and paid them off by checks drawn to bearer. He then slipped away, and never stopped till locked up in his room, half full of brandy, raw and strong.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

Nor one word was lost on Lina as she listened at the door. Mad people talk loud, and do not think of consequences.

Hastily changing her clothes—the drippings of a coarse life—she took down her old plain travelling-dress, that had hung on its reproving peg these many months. During much of that time it had served as a shrine, at which she knelt in wild despair, from the moment she had learned that Eugene Tipsell had betrayed her. Summoning all her strength, she put it on. It was very loose ; but, though she felt too low, too miserably wretched, to touch what had come from home—her mother's own dear hands—when dressed, at last, it seemed to bring her comfort, and—what gives life to agony—fresh hope.

Leaving her room, she wrote a few words in pencil, and left ten dollars for her board-bill saying she had gone, “never to return.” A she departed, it was not without one pang (

sorrow for the forsaken outcasts about her, whom she had aided with Eugene's money ever since he gave her any; for not one cent would she touch for herself. No, it was a comfort to give flannel to the shivering poor, and buy soups for hectic sufferers. Not a few had she rescued and sent off to "homes"—"God bless that girl!" they all said. Now, however, a higher duty called. Besides, no more money could come from Eugene; she had broken with him, and the little pittance she made by sewing for herself would go no way for others, who wanted practical assistance before their hearts could be touched.

For many weeks she had not been out of this Lazar-house, but still, the surrounding objects did not interest her. She saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing, but one great object. The shortest distance between two given points alone occupied her mind. A straight line of duty, and "God help me!" her first prayer, with a feeling that it was answered, urged her on.

Going immediately to the Chief of Police, she stated as well as she could, and in a subdued manner, every thing she knew and all she had heard; nor did she spare herself. Luckily for her, the Chief was a gentleman, kind, sympa-

thetic, and full of good advice. He took down in writing every word, then gave her a glass of wine—for she sadly needed it—talked soothingly to her, and closed with saying:

“My poor girl, under any other circumstances I would have been obliged to detain you here as a witness; but I see truth in your face, and will myself be responsible for your appearance. You can go, but say nothing, not even one word, to any body, or the case may fall through.”

“I promise, sir.”

“You see, every thing is clear, and in one hour I could lock him up, for we know him well. Nobody goes sideways in New York that some one doesn’t note the fact. But the great difficulty is, we cannot find the body, and nothing definite can be undertaken till it is in our possession. That’s the law. It makes no difference what evidence you have, or what witnesses may swear.”

“Yes, sir, I understand; but didn’t your detectives find the trunk that went to Guzzletown?”

“Yes; we tracked it there by a process of our own, and got it only one hour before some one else came for it; but it was not what we were after; for, when we opened it, we found,

instead of a body, bundles of shoes without directions, old books, shavings, and all that sort of thing. It was, in fact, a regular 'fence' game. Depend upon it, some one else is in it, and that's the great difficulty."

"I wonder who it can be?" said Lina, trying in vain to put things together in her mind.

"Never mind about that; we'll do the best we can. All you've got to do is to keep close, and, if you see any thing new, write me. If we want you any time, I'll send a messenger for you."

Early the next morning Lina took the cars and travelled all day. For her the beautiful autumn scenery amounted to nothing; her mind was incapable of receiving an impression. She ate nothing during her weary journey, and arrived very late at her destination. No one could have recognized in this fragile form the plump happiness of two years since.

With scarcely strength enough to drag one limb after the other, she crawled slowly towards the jail. But though her frame was feeble beyond endurance, her brain seemed fortified for any thing. A hungry body is weakened, but a hungry mind is strengthened.

It was after nine o'clock, and most of the



busybodies had settled down in some house for an evening. Few persons crossed her path.

The sound of a hand-organ reminded her painfully of city-life, and as she passed it the plaintive melody of "Annie Laurie" won its way deep into her heart. This, however, was soon dispelled by the double-shuffle performed in front of it by a lonely soldier "out on leave," who had evidently hired this band to play off some of his surplus steam. Sad indeed the contrast between the two, and food for meditation!

As Lina approached the door of the jail, cheerful, laughing voices at tea greeted her ear. It must be a mistake—a party at a jail! Impossible! She looked up, starting. Yes, she was right—the same old jolly building, with its beds of flowers and brick front. She rang. Blossom came to the door.

"Is fath—I mean Mr. Piper, here?"

"Yes, marm. Do you want to see him?"

"If you please, sir."

"Who shall I tell him, marm?"

"Say—say—tell him a sick woman with a mes—a message;" and she leaned against the doorway.

Blossom returned and supported her to the cell, which was locked with hard-hearted-looking

bolts. Turning the key, he led her in, and went away.

There sat the old man, pretty much in the same position that Mrs. Heavyclover had left him in, cold, careworn, gloomy. Hearing something, he looked up, and said :

"Beg pardon, mum, but if this visit don't concern yourself, I'd rather be alone with my misery. T'other one has riled me so, I don't feel fit for gentle folks."

"I come," said she, "from New York."

He started. "New York? Yes, yes; *she* went to New York, and got in the whirlpool—poor, giddy thing!—she wrote me so. But she never told on her pilot; no, she wouldn't betray him as ruined her. That's something like the old family tree. She stayed away, and never wrote again. I seen it all, and so did her poor mother; but she was not as strong as me. She took ill, and—Did you know my poor girl Lina?—tell me, did you ever meet her?"

"Who?" The visitor wanted time.

"My daughter—Lina—a poor, foolish girl, dazzled by false hopes. Lost at sea—that's it with most on 'em; lost at sea, and with no compass."

"Yes, I knew her."

"You did?" said he, jumping up with wild

energy ; " tell me, then, where is she ? Have you seen her lately ? "

Looking down and coughing to hide her face, his veiled visitor replied,

" She is not well—she's very tired—I mean, unhappy, and sent me here to ask if you would let her come home. Now that you were in jail, she thought (sobbing), in the eyes of the big world, you were more equal-like, and perhaps she might be a comforter to you yet, by suffering with you."

" Yes ; tell her to come home ; that's the only place for any sinner. Bring her with you ; never mind her rigging, for them pirates generally desert them after all is gone. She needn't go to sea again. I've got enough for both ; and, if it should give out, why, what's the odds—she'll have it all to herself soon—soon enough." He took from his pocket a child's doll, and kissed it. " This is all I have of hers. It does me good to look at it ; I can go back to happier days. When she left me, I had only a good name to look after ; and now, because I took it to heart so bad, and wouldn't signal her to come aboard my craft once more, the Great Captain cut away all my top-hamper too. Tell her to come—come soon, and we can drift along together. That is something, anyhow."

Poor Piper was suffering from remorse—undigested duty. Good deeds are rapidly assimilated, and make religious muscle.

"In her name I thank you, sir," said Lina, scarcely able to articulate. "I know she will be grateful even to sit at your feet and pray for you. Perhaps, some day, you may forgive all."

"Ah, mum, there was a time to forgive and ask forgiveness; but trials, blows, affliction, take that out of us. To live ourselves, we must let others live. But God, the great Forgiver, is the one to be pacified. Let her come, I say, and both of us will kneel together, praying pardon for our sins."

Every mind has a Rosetta-stone, which, if discovered, lays bare its hidden life. Lina was her father's, and, almost unconsciously, he confided in the stranger.

"There was a time when I would not have wished to outlive my honor; but I now say from my heart, 'God's will be done.'"

"Then, father, know me for your child—your long-lost Lina! Nothing you could say in curses could have wrung my heart as your last words of gentleness." Throwing off her hood and veil, she knelt by his side; and, as each asked forgiveness for their Saviour's sake, not theirs, the twin angels, Love and Pity, poised

their wings and flew to this dark place, bringing sunshine with them; while the agitating waters slowly, gradually urged onward as a witness that which was to punish one lost sinner, and free the other from false evidence.

God touched the heaving bosom of the bay, and wonders answered to His call.

Piper was a plain man; but his heart swelled with gratitude. A feature out of place does not mar the soul. He could not "speak correctly," but he felt that there was no such thing as ready-made religion. It is often bolted for an object, but rarely digested. The old fisherman may have got hold of very little, but *that* had entered into his account with substantial benefit. And now this reconciliation made him really feel and see how many blessings stayed about him. Too much happiness makes one forgetful of kind deeds; but the afflicted are prone to cling to generous action. Philosophy, in faith, throws away the key, and strives to work out the problem; but pure and undefiled religion is that key, and the child or the poor fisherman can open the door themselves and see the wonders of the soul.



## CHAPTER XIX.

CORA found relief in silence and the freedom forced upon her by the customary quarantine of mourning. Many letters came in from a brilliant, fashionable circle, and each contained a tribute to her husband's sterling worth; but none seemed to touch on what she now felt was peculiarly her own—his love, devotion, and gently yielding disposition. One spoke of wit; another mentioned hospitality; a third detailed his generous self-denial, in many cases affecting their own interests; but all these testimonials only proved a selfishness on their part, gratified at his expense in former times.

Twice Mrs. Heavyclover had called; but, besides being refused admittance, Cora had written—

“You, more than any one else, are to blame for this. Never cross my path again. By listening to a fool, I have lost my darling husband. You goaded me to ‘keep him down’—to ‘crush out self’—to—to kill him. Oh, if I

had not been blind, I would have seen the result of your brutal treatment in the misery of your own husband's life! Why can't people leave each family to take care of its own concerns! Wicked woman, keep away from me and mine! I wish you no harm in this world; but it is time enough to meet such people as you in heaven.

“CORA MARVEL.”

In answer to this Mrs. Heavyclover deigned no reply, but put her husband through the manual that day. Next she fell to making copious extracts from Murray, which she folded up in a neat envelope and directed to Cora; then stamped her foot on them, and threw them into the fire.

It was a mistake to believe that Cora never loved Harry. There are some people in this world who literally steal your heart. Such was the case with Harry's wife; but she did not know it herself. He had formed so complete a part of her existence, so uniformly acted for her, and fulfilled each little wish, that she was spoiled; but even then, in time, she would have realized his worth, had it not been for the continual underhanded, hinted slurs that Mrs. Heavyclover brought like nettlerash to the house. Ever since they had seemed happy she had sighed and

brought to bear her moral battering-rams. She pointed out each absence as neglect, each letter "some fair correspondence," until, maddened by this soft-shell crab, Harry's natural manner and self-confident affection irritated her beyond endurance. She became literally color-blind, and took that fatal step of encouraging Eugene in order to stimulate Harry's devotion. This last was Mrs. Heavyclover's great one act; and truly is it the most lamentable mistake a woman can make. Now, alas! it was too late. She would have given up all else to have brought him back. If misguided wives would only repent beforehand, what trouble would be saved!

The utter loneliness of this quarantine—a modern way of disinfecting sorrow—proved so effectual, that Cora's dearest friends were saved from any contagious trouble; for the community avoid as much as possible coming in contact with such depressing sights. They look upon mourning as the shadow of a loss.

One thought alone now worked her up to agonized suspense: Where was Harry? Was he really drowned, or not? Eugene's manner did not altogether meet with her approval. He was essentially a man of the world, which means, in its truest sense, one who does not permit the slightest breach of civility towards him-



self; but is possessed of any amount of nerve when called upon to attend the funeral of deceased respectables. He could hear of another's troubles with wonderful fortitude! Eugene, even to her softened nature, seemed too positive that her husband had been murdered, and that Piper was the murderer.

Some three weeks after the present time two little boys were playing in a boat near the cove just below Cora's palatial residence. One of them had rowed over to the rock that dipped right down into the water, like the huge Roman nose of some pre-Adamite fossil, fixed for future investigation. Tommy climbed on top and told Billy to paddle round to the other side. While Tommy was keeping near the edge of the water, he saw a great big hole in the rock. He caught hold carefully of a scrub pine, and slid down slowly till he reached a footing just below. Then creeping along "on all-fours," he arrived at an old worn-out slab. He looked out towards the sun and hailed his brother. Billy turned the boat in that direction, and, seeing a long slit in the rock, called out, "How many miles? Hide-and-seek! Bravo! here's the Pirate's Cave. What fun! You hide, Tom, and I will come back and look for you; and when I catch you, we can change places." So saying, Billy

pushed off, pulled his cap over his face, and laid down in the bottom of the boat to wait for Tommy's signal. In the meantime Tommy crawled across the top of the crevice and let himself down on to a flat shelf covered with moss, where he could look about and yet not be seen. Putting one hand over the other and bringing them up to his mouth, he gave a shrill whistle, peculiar to lads of his age and only to be surpassed by the shriek of a locomotive, and ducked his head.

Billy got up at once and made for the rock. Rowing near it, he placed one oar in the stern and commenced to "scull" towards the "Pirate's Cave." It was very deep just off the "Nose"—so deep, that a "seventy-four" could have "come to dock" right in shore; but it was also equally shallow near the entrance of the cave. Billy "sculled" up to the little beach inside, and tied his boat. He was after Tommy, and felt sure of success; so, whistling for company, he made fast to a projecting stone, when something round and darkish caught his eye. It was just under his oar. Getting back as fast as possible—for he was terribly frightened—he sat down in the middle of his boat and called out lustily, "I say, Tommy, come! Do, please—come quick! No play—fen tag.

I'm scared. A shark is under me, and I'm afraid to move!"

Tommy heard enough to startle some one older than himself. In "double-quick" time he was by his brother's side.

"Oh, Billy, only see! it doesn't move, but it's very big."

"I say, Tom, it looks like clothes! Just give it a push."

They did so, and kept pushing and rolling it with their oar, further towards the back part of the cave. Just then it turned quite over and rested on the tiny beach, to the discomfiture of an eel-matinée. The sun, bursting through its western clouds, exposed to view the features of a man, but horribly disfigured. Holding on to each other in palsied alarm, the boys gave vent to a double kept-up scream; untied the rope, shoved off, fell over seats, and never stopped till they had told their father and the servants.

While aid was hastening to the spot, a couple of fishermen who were mending their nets, about a quarter of a mile off, hearing the cry for help, looked up, and soon made their way to the dreadful place. It did not take them long to raise the body of a man, with his face shattered by a ball, or something very like it, for the marks of gunpowder were on him still. His

dark suit of clothes, torn and saturated, hung on him like worn-out friends ; but their "cut" told too plainly that he was a gentleman.

Some of the features had been eaten away, and the body was much swollen, besides being greatly discolored. He was "too far gone" for his nearest relative to have recognized him ; but, on examining his pockets, a gold watch was found which indicated four o'clock, and in his portmonnaie were a few papers, but so stained and washed out that nothing could be made of them. Turning it over, however, they managed to make out of the gilt letters, "H. M."

"Mr. Harry's body ! Ike, how much is the reward ?"

"Five hundred dollars !" replied Pete, as he placed the rope around him in a more respectful position.

"Good ! Poor fellow ! he sailed a boat very handsome, and paid us well for keeping his "stand" all night on the rocks, even though he didn't catch all the bass. Nothing stingy about him !"

"You can bet on that !" said Pete. "I never knew any one freer-handed with his money."

"Now, I wonder," said Ike, looking very grave and thoughtful, "who could have done it ? I never heard tell he had an enemy."

"One thing I know," replied Pete: "Piper never did it. Why, man, 'taint likely he'd be such a fool, to kill his best friend!"

"Can't say," said Ike, bailing out the boat. "It must 'a' been some of them New Yorkers, who spots a rich man. But why didn't they take his watch? That's what I don't understand."

"Oh, there's no use trying to account for such things, nohow. I say, help me now.—That's it!—Easy, man, with his left arm!—In with him! Whew! they can't keep him long these hot days."

Meeting the gentlemen who came to see what it was that frightened Tommy, the sailors delivered the body to the officials. An inquest was held, and the jury brought in a verdict of—"Who came to his death at the hands of Timothy Piper, for reasons unknown to the parties here subscribing their names."

That night the body lay in the aisle of the church, with two men-watchers dozing by its side; and on the following day Eugene, as chief pall-bearer, with a large cortége of mourners, attended it to its final resting-place.

Cora's heart bled afresh as she heard from the window the tolling of the bell; and, as if to make terms with conscience, she vowed to herself to be faithful to his memory.

Her two little daughters had had great fun that day peeping in and out of the front parlor where all the great people had gathered to talk over every thing but the case in point. "It was too sad, you know, to speak of."

"I say, Tiny, did you eber see a funial?" said the youngest.

"No, but I'd like to," replied her sister, full of eagerness; "the moogans is so nice! But ma says we mustn't go. I don't see why!"

"I'm sure, Tiny, little people die as often as grown folks, only they don't make such a fuss about it."

"Never mind, Cora; I'll tell you what we'll do: my little doll is very sick, and I'll give it some of ma's 'tism mennis, and then, don't you know, it will be sure to die, and we'll bury it to-morrow, and have a funial all to ourselves."

"Oh, good! won't that be nice!" said Cora, jumping up and down; "and then we'll get Carlo—good doggy!—to go with us as the sexton, and we'll dig the grave; and oh, won't it be jolly!"

"Won't it, though! And, Cora, we won't have ma come—will we?"

"No; don't tell any body. If Jane aint cross, I'll let her go, though."



## CHAPTER XX.

SUMMONED to appear now that the body had been found, Piper was assigned a lawyer. At first he positively refused, saying that they were "only men who lived by skimming cream off of spilt milk. I want no mate. My help is from above; I put my trust in the Lord, and will not fear what man can do unto me. It's only guilty people as wants the law. Why, just look at the headings of nearly all their papers: 'SS.'—silly set—ha! ha! I aint afeared." Being informed, however, that it would make matters less clear for every body (and "cost less," suggested Piper) not to have a lawyer, he consented, and the trial went on bravely. Every thing was gone through with—where Harry had been, and where he hadn't been. Witnesses were subpoenaed to prove that Piper was good, and an equal number were readily found to swear that he was bad. There was a Roland for every Oliver, an aye for every nay,

an alkali for every acid, and an in for every out, and so on till they came to a stop.

Shadows are not so deep in gloomy weather, so Piper did not mind the motley crowd ; his heart was troubled by enough real affliction. Care is a burden that weighs one down, but sorrow, such as the disgrace of his daughter, produces a vacuum in the breast which causes it to feel the outside pressure so much the more.

"If it please the Court," said Piper, after enduring many protracted scenes, "I would like to speak."

"Yes, if you confine yourself to the point."

"Well, then, gentlemen," exclaimed the fisherman, "it has been proved that that watch always kept good time."

"Yes, granted."

"And Mr. Harry—I mean the party as is not here—prided himself on it."

"Well, and what then ?"

"And it now points to four o'clock ?"

"Well ?"

"Then it must have been four o'clock in the morning. Now, I can prove I was aboard the steamboat at that time, doing extra jobs ; for they had a powerful lot of things to load, and was in a hurry."

Framing sentences is but mixing colors ;



the conception is the thing. The lawyer on the opposite side had taken a little color from every part of his pallet, and was now prepared to "rub in" his clever design.

"If it please the Court, I would suggest that it might possibly be four in the afternoon, and would lay particular stress on this fact; for, if Mr. Tipsell went on board the 'Frisky' at exactly half-past four, nothing could be more conclusive than the fact—I repeat it, *fact*—that the prisoner, lost to all that springs from noble breasts, closed with his companion, but found him too much. It was then that he seized the pistol that had fallen on the ground and fired the fatal shot. The blood on the deck has been chemically analyzed, and was found to be that of a human being—not fish-blood. To throw his victim overboard was but the work of a moment, and this was probably just accomplished as the officers of justice, guided by Divine inspiration, came to capture him; who would have escaped in a few minutes."

There was a murmur in the court-room; but the clerk called out, "Silence, while the Judge charges the jury;" and to a packed house His Honor explained the nature of murder, homicide, manslaughter, malice prepense, &c. He reviewed the testimony:—the character borne

by Harry—the good name, up to the present moment, of Piper—his own story, which had something of truth on the face of it; but then, again, the overwhelming circumstantial evidence; and in particular he would call the attention of the jury to the fact of the watch stopping at four o'clock. Witnesses had testified that they had never known Harry's watch to run down. It was a self-winder from the handle. The jeweller who sold the watch had stated that it was the very best he had ever imported from London. It had, moreover, been proved—and, in fact, every body present knew, how Mr. Marvel had prided himself on his punctuality. Therefore it was beyond a doubt evident that the watch had been stopped by going into the water. As an experiment, a watch had been dropped in a glass bowl of water before the Court, and it was found that it stopped in exactly sixteen seconds. This made no material difference as to the facts; and, painful as he felt it to himself and the community at large, he must charge the jury, themselves fishermen, and friends of both parties, particularly the accused, not to be biased by prejudice in his favor: "for," said he, "as it might appear in this case, there are not wanting many—alas! too many cases on record, where a murder, wanton and

cruel in the extreme, had been committed by a person who, up to that very moment, had not only been of sound mind, but of unimpeachable integrity.

“The learned and justifiably zealous counsel for the defence had, as a last chance, attempted the plea of moral insanity, adducing the excitement incident to the fearful gale—perhaps ardent liquor had been drank—a sudden quarrel had ensued. But—be it said to the credit of the prisoner—to the amazement of all, Piper himself had broken through all court etiquette, and quashed the plea by indignantly repelling the statement, declaring he would rather die innocent than be acquitted—to use his own admirable words, ‘by making shift with a jury-mast when all the rigging was still standing.’ Gentlemen,” continued the Judge, perceptibly moved, “it is your duty to decide, first, whether our lamented friend was murdered or not; and, secondly, to determine on the evidence which you have heard, whether Piper is guilty of that murder, or not guilty. You are not called upon to pass sentence: this, I am forced to state, will be my sad duty. I charge you, then, both as regards your duty to God, your country, and yourselves, to give a true verdict.”

Just then a disturbance at the door took

place. A shuffling of feet, swaying to and fro of the bystanders, and a voice from behind, evidently agitated, crying out, "Stop!—for Heaven's sake, stop, till I come! He was—not—murdered! He was not killed! Piper is innocent! Stop, I say!" And Eugene Tipsell, pale, out of breath, and panting, staggered to the Judge and handed him a letter in an envelope.

You could have heard a pin drop. Piper trembled all over. He had braced his system for the worst, and this "let-up," as he afterwards said, "well-nigh carried him off." The Judge was so excited that he could not see. He wiped his eyes and his spectacles, and, turning the manuscript towards the light, read first a little slip, and then the enclosed letter; then re-read it all, and, putting his hand to his head, called the District Attorney to his side, and whispered something. After a short consultation he rose, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, and you among this large assembly, I have a most remarkable communication to make. I would do almost any thing rather than read this note, could I free the prisoner by another mode. But a fellow-being is now on trial for his life. If the letter is not put in as evidence, the case must go

on. It is not my purpose to lessen the force of the facts, but I would ask your indulgence for the language contained in it ; as, from what you will hear, the writer must have been laboring under great excitement.

“ This letter was written in New York, September 16th, 18—, and mailed that afternoon, as may be seen by the rating-mark. But as an additional proof of the excitement of him who wrote it, he put a ten-cent revenue-stamp on it, instead of a three-cent postage-stamp. Had it gone through, as it ought to have done, and Mrs. Marvel had been obliged to pay the additional three cents, or three dollars, or thirty thousand dollars, postage due, it would have been cheap. But, no ! Though two human lives hung on its receipt, the following morning it was ‘ held for postage.’ Had it gone through, time would have sufficed to telegraph, send friends, and Providence might have aided in arresting the rash step ; in which case the prisoner now at the bar would have been thanked for his devotion, instead of lingering nearly one month in jail, and being now on the verge of a sentence of death ; for no one could doubt the verdict of the jury. But no, gentlemen ! Owing to the present wretched system of the Postal Department, this life’s-blood message was sent to the

Dead Letter Office. There it waited for its turn. At the end of two weeks it is not opened, for its story is on its face—"under-paid." A notice is then sent to Mrs. Marvel that a letter is detained in Washington, awaiting—what do you suppose?—a three-cent stamp! Gracious Heavens, pardon such a horrible system! This makes the delay one week longer. The body is found, and Justice, even-handed, rushes on to end suspense. The corpse is identified by its clothes, a watch, ring, and pocket-book, and the general outlines of the man; but the face is shattered by a bullet, and the features are too far gone from decomposition to be recognizable. It is buried, and a fisherman, against whom not one word has ever risen, from the overpowering evidence, is tried, and, in ten minutes, would have been convicted by an impartial jury; and why? Because a three-cent stamp was wanting on a letter! Monstrous!"

The excitement now was immense. Friends who had kept aloof drew nearer to Piper and patted him on the back. A stranger even offered him a chew.

"The letter!—read the letter!" cried out a hundred voices. The Judge read, in a clear voice, the little slip detailing concisely what he had enlarged upon, and then, with a tremulous

like bleeding a person who is dying of starvation, or putting a straight-jacket on a boy who has chill and fever."

"Grant it; what, then, would you recommend?"

"For those who can bring their troubles to the surface by counter-irritation, this is well enough; but, to me, real trials 'lie too deep for tears' even; and if a woman truly suffers, as I do, sorrow for the loss and remorse for my neglect, after a reasonable time of exclusive seclusion an occasional mingling with the world would perhaps lessen their pleasure, but certainly increase my strength to bear my burdens. But enough of this. Tell me, are you going to the ball next week?"

"Yes."

"And do you think two years long enough to get a permit from the Board of Health for me to go too?"

"Most assuredly! No one has been able to find a flaw in your lease."

"So now I can be released?"

"Of course you can. Even one's mourning has a legal bound; for certainly it is only another phase in life; and why shouldn't it be limited? If Mrs. Heavyclover were here, she'd tell you it was a condition of poetry rather som-

bre ; and, if scanned, would be found made up of spondees—too long, ha ! ha ! ”

At her companion's suggestion Cora got out her silks and laces, jewels and pomade, and soon worked without tears. In a short half hour her sighs breathed songs, and her light heart lifted her way up.

“ It is really to be a grand affair, I hear.”

“ I should think so—peaches from Boston, grapes from the greenhouses on the place ; a French supper, American company, and German music. Only think of it ! ”

“ Did you say it was to be a full-mask, fancy ball ? ”

“ Exactly. But you need not discover yourself ; you can go away before twelve.”

“ How shall I dress ? Do tell me, Mrs. Titter ! Don't you think it would be appropriate to go as a nun ? ”

“ Not at all, my dear. Appear in some gaudy costume, and no one will suspect you. Besides, if they do, your time is up, and it's all right. You can go where you please now, and no one can say a word.” Mrs. Titter rose to leave. “ Good-by, my dear ; I hope you'll have as good a time as you deserve.”

It was 15th August, the height of the season, and about nine months since Lina's adven-



ture with Chubbs and Jaque. No second attempt had been made to carry her away, and all went on smoothly.

The grand ball of the season came off. Chinese lights hung like apoplectic fruit from the trees. The magnificent house on the avenue blazed from every window, with wax candles. Music on the first and third floors kept men at work. The "Seven Ages" got mixed up with "Champagne Charley" and "Goodey Two-shoes." Sailors ran off with Sisters of Charity, Charles I. walked arm-in-arm with Cinderella, and Falstaff rolled about in court-array with Cleopatra, whose Mark Antony had slipped aside to talk over hops in general with Catherine Parr. Henry VIII. broke down and remained on a temporary throne for the rest of the evening. The staircase children were strongly represented; and a couple of family "Broad-sides" lounged about, while Crescendo sisters went as the Graces. Harlequin played all manner of tricks with young and old, much to the annoyance of conceited folks, who were just "a-going to say something, you know," when that nuisance came between them.

In one room set apart from the dancing, a bank was established, and "21" was the order of the night. Though the bets were limited to

one dollar, by corner transactions, side "heats," and antes, a nice little sum could be made in two hours. The ladies enjoyed it immensely, playing with zeal and ardor. Little did the saintly clergyman dream, on the following Sunday, that the largest collection made that day was due chiefly to the winnings of those who were too conscientious to keep what they had made; and so, making a compromise with Heaven, they gave all their profits to the Church.

It was a grand success. Matches had been made and vows broken. Husbands had complained of their wives to their wives, and wives had complained to their husbands, and both in disguised voices had made—oh! such delightful love to each other, that, to a looker-on, it would have seemed remarkable to find how congenial they were, how well-suited to each other, had they not been married before!

Eugene, ever ready for a turn anywhere, was there also. Since that great day he had been untiring in his devotion to the memory of his friend. A fine turgid obituary had been printed. It was flowery and frank. Bonbons and fruit, like the apple in Paradise, had been sent "in sympathy" to Mrs. Marvel. But Cora had refused to see any one while under strict quar-

antine, especially Eugene ; so many stories had got about.

Many ladies had said very spiteful things against him, and as many qualified the abuse by charitable excuses.

*Dr.* Eugene  
was so dissipated ;  
was such a flirt ;  
was so insincere ;  
had no religion ;  
gambled ;  
drank heavily ;  
was always in debt ;  
had jilted so many.

*Cr.* But then,  
he was so handsome ;  
the ladies spoiled him ;  
who was not ?  
he was no hypocrite ;  
he had heavy expenses ;  
he ate nothing ;  
he was so generous ;  
he couldn't marry every  
body !

The moon had just emerged from a lead-colored cloud that broke the slanting rays as they fell on the water and burst into silver sheen, scattering snowdrops on all around. A quiet walk wound down a gradual slope till it reached the level of the sea—the broad Atlantic Ocean.

Led by some weird fancy, Cora, as the Queen of Night with a single golden star on her forehead and a large and elegant black velvet train, had sauntered along the quiet path with Eugene,

who was dressed as an officer in the time of Louis XV., with powdered wig and scarlet sash, &c. He was a little doubtful of his ground, having failed in capturing Lina, and not knowing how much she had told of his past. Had he learned that she had faithfully kept her promise to the Superintendent of Police in New York, not to open her lips on the subject till advised, he would have breathed easier. "Go where you will, sweet lady," said he, "you can never find a lovelier spot than Dearville."

"In what way?" asked Cora, as the delicious, crispy, salt air fanned her heated temples, and she stopped to gather up her train.

"Never was there a purer air; and this rock-bound coast is so romantic, too. For my part, I do not know another spot in America, with such a water-view, that is free from chill and fever, or that little torment, the mosquito."

"That's very true; but then, the access is bad."

"The very safety from the 'roughs' who ruin all the suburbs of great metropolises. Do you know that I believe, wherever you find chill and fever, you will find mosquitos? I am convinced that they are animated malaria, and a signal to go hence."

"I never thought of that before; but there

is one argument against your theory," said Cora, laughing.

"What is that?" remarked Eugene, glad of any opportunity of familiarizing her with his presence.

"Why," replied Cora, archly, "you can catch chill and fever, but I defy the most patient philosopher to trap a mosquito."

"True," exclaimed Eugene, "though not scientific. I believe all animals have an object in this world, especially insects. And the time will come when it will be publicly acknowledged that the little fluid they inject into your blood, besides thinning it, contains certain specific properties for different diseases. To prove that I am right, let any skilful chemist test the powerful drop contained in a mosquito's sack, and he will find many of the properties of quinine. Depend upon it, the irritation and 'keep-off' sort of feeling it produces have an object in view."

"Well, certainly there is much common sense in what you say," remarked Cora, interested in spite of herself, for it reminded her so vividly of her husband's style of conversation. It would have been strange if it had not, for Eugene had stolen the entire idea from Harry during a very confidential interview when he lent him an article on that very subject, which

he failed to return, giving as an excuse that he had mislaid it.

Tipsell went on, for he got nearer each moment. "If we looked more at the signals of nature, ate fruit and vegetables only in their season, and lived more in the open air, there would be fewer doctors, and, consequently, less sickness. But," said he, "you were never made to listen to dry lectures."

"What makes you think so? I enjoy any thing that has reason in it, and that is not above my comprehension;" and she sighed.

"Ah," replied Eugene, in measured tones, "but it were foolish to look for philosophy where the world sits idle, and lets others do its work."

"I sometimes wish," said Cora, "that I never thought; the descent to earth afterwards is so painful. But come, let's walk; it's growing chilly, and I'm so heated, it isn't prudent to stand still."

"Lovely, fair one," said he, changing his style, "your voice betrays you, and an instinct tells me that I am also recognized."

"Yes, Eugene, I have to thank you for many little attentions most welcome to a lonely sufferer."

They talked long and with a visible effect.

Eugene was anxious to secure his prize before a captivating world dazzled the rich widow, and made effort harder for him ; and Cora felt hungry from a loneliness that silence had engendered. Some one must assist her to forget the past. It was a bold stroke, but he came to the point at once.

"Why must I go on as only those do who make first acquaintances ? You have known me many years, and ought to understand me by this time."

"That's very true," said Cora ; "but dear Harry told me, in his last note, never to marry again till I found in my next husband what I had said he lacked."

"Well, but do not I possess those very qualities ?"

"Not all. You have the dash, and perhaps the power ; but I do not see originality."

Cora would have loved Harry now, for many of his virtues came to light during her thoughtful hours of silent solitude. But it was of no use thinking of him. He was dead, and she really mourned ; so the next best thing was Eugene. Young, bright, dashing, fashionable, he had the run of the *élite* ; and then, he loved her—at least he said so. Had she remained true to Harry, much would have been saved

her. But more had to be gone through with ; softening influences would not do yet. The new love had to be forced back until the old reappeared.

Eugene took her hand respectfully, and, looking up into her face, said :

“What more do you want? You know of my devotion. I have never loved any one but you. You are romantic, so am I. You do not care for sedentary life, no more do I. Oh, how I have counted the days and hours till this happy moment should come round, that I might have your answer! Think, Cora, of what I have said, and tell me truly what I lack. We cannot live on love and romance alone; we must have confidence between us, which proves—”

“Oh, Heavens! who was that?” exclaimed Cora, alarmed.

“What?” said Eugene, looking in the darkness.

“A figure passed us rapidly, and is now in the cave behind the arch.”

“Where?”

“There—there it is again! Don’t you see it? Oh, Eugene, don’t go to look for it. I’m afraid to be left here alone!” And, clinging to his arm, she slowly walked towards the spot.



"Did you see which way it came?"

"No, my dear; I only saw a shadow, and, if I did not believe every thing you said, I should doubt even that."

Just then a form wrote in phosphorus on the wall, "Beware!" and under it, "Did she love him? Never!" With a spring that jerked her free from Eugene's arm, as though possessed of unknown power, Cora flew to the cave in time to see the form of Harlequin as he bounded to the other side of the slope. The clouds, like mountains, rose with majestic grandeur and obscured the moon; for a moment the night became stone-blind. Cora, in trying to find Eugene, lost her whereabouts, and groped along the damp, cold, rocky tunnel. A fearfully loud clap of thunder made silence more hideous, and she saw appearing on the opposite side in floating, smoking, fiery letters, "Follow me." She faintly called to Eugene.

Gradually a blue light colored the deep outlines of the cave, and, turning to see who had done it, Cora read "Mystery." She started, but could not take her eyes off of it.

An ignis fatuus led them on and on along the margin of the sea, till they reached what had for years been used by the fishermen as a boat-house, built more like a stone block-house

in time of war. There they paused to gaze with wonder at the playful antics of a little sprite that seemed to float in air and beckon them on. Now and then a little ribbon ran out from its hand like miniature serpents' fiery tails. Still they went on, climbing over rocks and along rustic paths, till at length the golden fay turned crimson red, then banded into green, and stopped. It entered a small skiff, and glided over the glassy sea till it landed at a huge rocky island, around which the swelling tide rolled its circling ripples. Here it faded from view, and left them wondering in admiration, till a little star alone revealed its place of tarrying.

"What can it mean?" said Cora. "This is truly a mystery."

"Some trick, I fancy," answered Eugene; "but it seems gotten up expressly for us."

"Hush—I hear a noise!" whispered his companion, drawing closer to him. "Don't move! Look over there; isn't that a Drummond light? See, it faces us! Goodness! Why, there's a scene—a room—my parlor! I wonder what is going to happen!"

There is an echo of insanity in many a brain. For a moment Cora doubted her reason, but had no time to analyze her feelings, for, just as she spoke, the curtain over the bow-window

slowly, very slowly, rolled back, and with starting orbs she beheld standing, in an attitude of supplication, a man—her husband Harry! as she last remembered him, imploring her to say she “once had loved him.” Neither of the two moved, but their heavy breathing spoke too plainly of their intense excitement. As she looked on in the agony of remorse, his right hand touched a spring, and on the table-cloth appeared, in brilliant letters, the awful, well-remembered word,

“NEVER!”

Cora fell back senseless; while Eugene, trembling violently, caught her in his arms and ground his teeth.





## CHAPTER XXVI.

Two waiters had scoured the grounds, broken up confidential conversations, and many private interviews, by asking the disguised guests if they were Mr. Tipsell; but he was not to be found. As soon, however, as the word “‘telegram’ for Eugene” got about, they resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, and went in search of him. A man of the world who was dressed as a “Sixteenth Amendment” walked towards the supper-table, where a few favorites with the head-waiter were partaking of canvas-back ducks and currant-jelly, and sipping oldest wine. He looked about him for a minute, and then held up the telegram. In an instant Tipsell stretched out his hand for it, and put it in his pocket. Watching a favorable opportunity, he withdrew from the symposium, and, opening the envelope, read:

“Trap set. Sappers and miners at work.  
We want more fodder. Better to come on.

“VULCAN,”

"This must wait another day," said Eugene to himself; and, picking his way out in the dark, he sought Cora, the better to see if she had recovered, and to receive an answer to his proposal; but he was too hasty.

"Speak not to me of marriage now," said she, cold with excitement. "This awful mystery is too much for my nerves. You must find out what it means. Show me that love can be unselfish: let me know whether my husband truly lives or not—and who that was."

"How can I do it?" replied Eugene, gravely.

"Wait here," said she, gasping for breath; "I will send my valet with the key of the vault. Take my carriage; wake up the authorities if necessary, and tell them what you have seen. Go, then, to the cemetery, unlock the door, and satisfy yourself if some one has not broken in and removed his body."

"You forget, dear Cora; he was in the water three weeks, and had shot himself, besides."

"I forget nothing. Prove that he is there—dead—no more to return. Convince me that this is but a dream, and I will thank you all my life. I cannot live in this suspense." She looked too magnificent to be refused.

Eugene waited till Johnson appeared with the key, then flung himself back in the barouche disgusted with the turn of affairs, and not a little alarmed; for it is a fact not to be controverted, that every bad man has a superstitious corner in his brain, and this was his peculiar weakness. Still, it had to be done, and at once.

Johnson drove him out of town about a mile, then turned in at the open gateway, never locked, seldom closed, till they came to a high Greek temple of granite.

"Come with me," said Eugene, "and hold the light."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Johnson, crossing himself; "the hosses can't be left. They're very restive, sir. We never takes them out at night, and they doesn't understand these tombstones. I wish we could ha' stayed away."

"Silence, fool!" muttered Eugene, lighting the lantern and unlocking the heavy, grating, gloomy door, whose jaw itself seemed set in death.

It was a family catacomb, and each member had a special shelf; but Cora had given orders that, until she died, Harry's coffin should remain on a platform, with its cover only held down by its own weight. Her husband also, to

prevent being buried alive, had caused the spring-lock of the "vault" to be so arranged that it could be opened inside by the handle, but required a key from without. He had, moreover, proposed to the authorities an excellent system by means of which a telegraph-wire was to be attached to the cover of every coffin, so that, on a person's awaking from a trance, by simply raising the lid to get out, a message would be sent to the Superintendent: "Vault 86 come to life—send assistance at once!" would be printed on a slip, and an alarm-bell would ring to attract attention. This had not been carried out, as no one seconded Mr. Marvel's idea; and, as a consequence, much that had happened passed unnoticed. However, he could not have been buried alive.

Eugene put the lantern on the shelf which held the floral tributes, mouldy but expressive, and stood looking at the large oaken box. What would he not have given to be saved from his repulsive duty! Twice he tried to raise the top, and twice his hand fell powerless. A horned owl, perched above the tomb on a lofty elm, hooted in derision at the work on hand. The horses champed their bits and pawed the ground; and Johnson called to him, "Come, sir, as soon as you can, if you please!"

Eugene found himself alone with the dead, and calmed down at once.

The excitement of good wine and a full supper, and the almost hysterical condition of his mind, caused by the sudden appearance of Harry, or at least his wonderful double, had urged him on to the last. He revolted at his task ; but the fear of losing Cora, and the indefinable sense of being watched, gave way before surrounding influences, now that he had reached the vault. He stepped up to the large oaken box again, and stood looking at it for a long time. Had some one whispered in his ear, "Phil has lain there for over two years, a silent, ready witness against you and yours," I doubt if his reason could have remained. Only one sight of the body, and all would become clear again ; he would then push matters, and go hence. He stopped a moment, and listened. It was nobody—only the backing of the restless horses. Johnson had his hands full, and cried out to him a second time, "Do hurry, sir ; I can't keep them long ; they smells the dead."

Hastily opening wide the door, which was hung on an inclined plane and had slowly closed, Eugene counted the steps back to the coffin, "five in number," and once more tried to raise the lid. Though heavy, it moved readily, and



he peeped in. Too dark to see any thing. Higher, still higher, he raised it, and finally leaned it, almost perpendicular, against the wall. It swung a little, but gradually ceased to move. Still too dark. He ought to be able to see, but he could not make out any thing. Bending forward, he grasped the lantern eagerly, and held it above his head to catch the full form of poor Harry's body. He firmly closed his eyes, then opened them, and gazed and gazed while a cold chill, the precursor of a panic, seized his limbs. Nothing was to be seen but an empty box with a few stray flowers and the word "JUSTICE" rudely written in chalk on the bottom. Frozen to the spot, Eugene tried to call, but his jaws only chattered. The fingers that held the lantern shook so violently that it rattled. Seizing his arm with the other hand, he clutched it with all his power to keep it still. Just then a neighbor owl flew towards the horned champion of the night, and both screamed violently.

Johnson gathered up his reins in fright, but too late to stop the horses, for they lunged and reared, and dashed ahead as if possessed by the Evil One. Luckily, he had been here before, in the daytime; so, turning quickly to the left, he whirled away for dear life, and spun out of

the western gate; then gave them their heads, while they ran two miles, made a long circuit, and took up his position outside the railing in a little lane.

At the sound of the scream, the dash of the horses, and the seeming desertion of his coachman, Eugene's head went round; the lantern fell, and, in groping his way to the door, he got behind it, and it closed. Horrors! Not finding his way on the instant, he started back to make one desperate rush, but, in moving hastily, struck with his leg the long and empty box. This tipped the lid, and down it came with the report of a small but angry cannon. It was too much. He fell senseless and rolled into a flabby mass of flesh.

Johnson waited till he could wait no longer. Something surely had happened. "I must go for him. Hang me if I ever takes another drive like this!" He went to the door and unlocked it, felt his way along the ground, and dragged Eugene to the entrance.

Johnson lifted Eugene into the barouche and drove quietly away, having put the key in Tip-sell's pocket. The jolting of the easy springs, the fresh, cool air, and a slight shower of rain, soon brought Eugene to. He stopped the carriage and handed Johnson fifty dollars. "There's

half of what I'll give you in a month, if you'll say nothing about it, man. Is it a bargain?"

"Never fear me, sir! I wouldn't dare to think of what I've seen. It's a'most kilt me! Why, the very hosses isn't what they were, and never will be."

"Go on, Johnson."

And on he went, up the steep hill, along a road to the right, till he came to the big sloping rock, where no house now stands. At that time, however, a noble castle, built of the same stone, with a fine courtyard, stood there, and in a few minutes received the half-crazed, desperate man. Before he could ring the bell some one appeared.

As the hall-door opened, and Cora let him in, Eugene saw a light in the library. Her maid was seated on a stool by the fire, trying to make the embers blaze with some brush. She rose, and was about to retire.

Cora said, "Sit down, Lina; it would not be proper for me to be alone. I can trust you with the answer."

Lina shrank into the corner of the room, and listened silently. Just then Eugene entered.

"Well, darling, all is right. It was as I told you. The body is just where we left it, I give you my honor; so dismiss it from your

mind. I have many enemies, and you are envied. It was some fiendish trick. And now for my reward," said he, emboldened by the silent hour of night. "Let me have one pledge of gratitude. We will not name the day till you choose; but I must have some encouragement." And, stepping forward, he looked passionately at her.

"Take care, sir," said Cora. "This is not the time, nor is it the place, to make love."

"The heart of a lover knows no place nor hour. Sweetest Cora, calm yourself. Send me not away till you have given me one little word of comfort on which I may hang hope." And, stepping forward, he was about to take her hand.

"You forget, Mr. Tipsell, we are not alone."

"Not alone! Who's here?"

"I am," said Lina, springing up; and, with eyes flashing fire and fell hatred, she pointed to the door.

"Hag!" muttered he, "who brought you here?"

"God—a Being whom no sense can comprehend—to circumvent your villany."

"Villany!" cried Cora, breathless with astonishment. "Villany? Why, do you know him?"

Lina was about to reveal all. She rose to

“speak, but her promise, and the fear that he might fly before the ends of justice, sealed her lips. Dexterously turning her words, she said, “Any man is a villain who presses his suit at such an hour! I beg your pardon, madam; I have seen this gentleman before.”

“Where, child?—speak!”

Eugene was wonderstruck. He had forgotten Lina entirely. His plan was about to fail. Prepared for the worst, he still remembered that, even in hopeless cases, silence does wonders for a criminal. Besides, she did not answer Cora. There was some reason for it; he knew not why. It was enough; she was not ready to betray him.

Raising his hat, which had still remained on his head, he said,

“I beg your pardon; I did not know you had company. The lady’s face is familiar, but I cannot place her.”

“Speak, Lina: where have you seen Eugene—I mean this gentleman before you?”

“When I lived with my father. I’ve often met him at church. Don’t you remember, he used to sing in the choir in the summer-time?”

“Oh, yes! I had forgotten.”

“But, Mr. Tipsell, I cannot stand another shock like this. I am going away.”

"Where—when—how?"

"To Europe—anywhere. I cannot remain in this house any longer, much as I love his memory. His ghost might come to haunt me. As soon as I can sell this place I'll move."

"You could not go at once, for Europe is on fire. War, pestilence, and famine are abroad."

"Then I'll rent another place. I will not stand it. Why, my nerves are all unstrung. I forgot to thank you for your great kindness in satisfying my mind. Good-night." And she looked away.

"Good-night, madam," said Eugene, very respectfully; and as she turned towards the clock, his eyes met Lina's. What flashes of hatred and disgust passed each other on their way to silent breasts!





## CHAPTER XXVII.

THOSE persons who sailed in and about the cove noticed what they had never seen before, namely, weeds growing in Dr. Capomonti's garden. This was unusual ; for, if one thing spoke more plainly than another of method and interest, it was the appearance of his vegetable-patch, the sweet music of his little birds, the carefully-trimmed hedge, and the busy occupation of this isolated gentleman ; for though, of course, he was too poor to be "recognized," no one could deny that good blood ran in his veins.

Mrs. Heavyclover had tried for a long time to parse him, and finally came to the conclusion, from her "spiritual" experience, that he was a powerful medium, perhaps unknown to himself. His long beard and velvet cap, together with his late walks about the neighborhood of Cora's house, aided her in this decision. His sudden cessation from his accustomed pursuits attracted attention, and the fact soon got about that something was wrong. Instead of rising at dawn

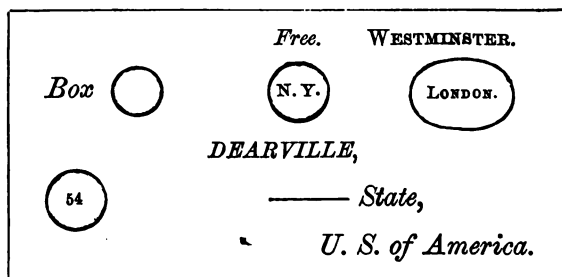
of day, his cottage remained closed till eight o'clock. In place of shooting, as was his custom, it was ascertained that he bought more food.

One and all agreed that something was on his mind; and they were right. He smoked nearly all day, and, though pleasant in his manner and polite as usual, cheerfully showing his pets to the little children who called, he seemed subdued and thoughtful.

Mrs. Heavyclover heard of it, and called. She made a pretence of purchasing or trading, or asking for a black cat which she had coveted. He gave it willingly, and she thanked him. On coming home, she said she was sure something new was "going to happen, depend upon it. He is an adverb out of place. Time and quantity are unknown; but I look for some remarkable manifestations." And she was right.

That day's mail brought a large package to the post-office in a parchment envelope tied with a blue satin ribbon, and sealed with three heavy wax impressions bearing an unmistakable "Duke's coronet." There were no postage-stamps on it, but a free and rapid frank in one corner, and the simple direction of all Capomonti's letters. There were but two rating-marks on it. It read as follows:





It was a rainy day, and there was little to do. The post-office clerks turned it over and over, as though that process would grind out information; but honesty dwelt in that department, without an effort, and it was duly placed in its little lock-up, whence it was taken by the Doctor himself at exactly twelve o'clock. He next entered a bank, sat down in a chair, untied the envelope and took out a letter, written carefully, but only consisting of a few lines, with a business-like signature. It contained an order on a New York banking-house for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was properly drawn up and signed. Quietly endorsing his name, the Doctor stepped up to the cashier, and asked him if he could open an account with the bank.

"Certainly," replied the cashier, smiling, "if you won't shut it too soon."

"Well, I'll deposit this, to begin with," said he, handing the check. Even as the post-office clerks turned over the envelope to roll out truth, so did the cashier turn this check round and round, as if he were trying to screw the idea tightly into his mind. But it was too much for him; his head went round instead. So, sitting down, he gazed, and coughed, and looked at Dr. Capomonti.

Just at that moment a fashionable New York banker came in, and the cashier showed him the check.

"A very large sum," said the banker, "a *very* large sum; but perfectly correct, as far as it goes."

Capomonti looked at the clock, and said,

"Well, sir, will you take my deposit?"

"Certainly, sir," he replied, very deferentially, "but——"

"But what? The check, I believe, is right, and you know me to be the only person in Dearville of that name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Accept the check," said the banker, "if you can identify the endorsement."

That night Capomonti's sudden turn of for-

tune ran through the principal street, shooting up side-lanes and along the "avenue;" crossed over the bay, crept into little and big houses, and served to widen narrow minds and start designing fashion. Improvised moonlight-sails were taken towards the cove. Many who had seen him praised his little acts of kindness; and those who did not know, asked if he was single and what his age might be. Several had heard him speak to foreigners in different languages, and,

"Oh, what a sailor!" added an ambitious spinster.

"No; he was a philosopher."

"I always thought, by his walk, that he was a Count."

Not one word was raised against him now. Was it not strange?

The next morning, before he was up, a caravan of butchers, bakers, and milkmen waited at his door to solicit custom. Singular! he had lived in exactly the same spot for months, and no one had volunteered to supply him with provisions before.

The next week another check came, and the next another, until his balance reached five hundred thousand dollars. And now, ripe for pulling, he might be seen driving about in a

little black gig with an eloquent land-agent who had "just the place for him." And so it was; before the evening closed, he had bought Henry Marvel's villa, with all its furniture, provided immediate possession were given. The day after, he moved in.

On the following morning the Prince—for he had now risen to that eminence—ordered his bays and the landeau and drove down to a long row of low buildings. Stopping at a little house in which Piper lived, he knocked at the door.

"Your service, sir," said the fisherman.  
"What can I do for you?"

"Come with me. I'm glad to see your daughter with you."

"Yes, sir; thankee. She always spends Saturdays and Sundays with me."

"Bring her with you," said the rich gentleman.

"What, sir!—in that carriage? Impossible!"

"Yes, but you must. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well, if you say so, sir, it must be right."

Giving directions to his footman, Capomonti drove over to the cove, and drew up in front of his former little home.

"Would you like to live here, my good man?"

"Mightily, sir! But I couldn't afford the rent."

"Oh, pa!" said Lina, "isn't it too lovely!—and so neat, and so easy for you to go out in the bay, to pilot the vessels!—But I'm afraid, sir, it would be too high for us."

"Not at all; it is yours! Don't thank me; I owe it to you. You did me a great service once. Here are your papers. This house and grounds are yours forever."

"God bless and preserve you, sir!"





## CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. HEAVYCLOVER had indeed once *fallen* in love, but he was soon to rise. The weak noun was about to strike for wages. For several days he had risen early, and, disguised as a feeble man, had gone to an old shack of a house near the beach, where he hired two rooms on the first floor of the uninhabited dwelling. Three or four hours every morning he worked like a trooper, rigging pulleys and fixing springs.

In one part of the wall he swung a long arm which could fly out and come back on any given occasion. Under a plain deal-table he perforated holes, and set in them a sort of cupping machine with sharp-pointed steels. He next took a chair and bored a hole through the two back uprights from top to bottom on each side; then sawed off the back, and ran two rods through the chair. They supported the frame, but, on touching a spring, slipped down, and the back fell over. From the ceiling he suspended a wire cauldron filled with sponge

wet with alcohol; lit it, and set it flying around.

"That will do," said he, chuckling. "Now for my notice." In a disguised hand he penned a note, marked "private." It read as follows:

"MRS. WILLIAM HEAVYCLOVER:

"DEAR SPIRITUAL SISTER: You alone have discovered my special secret. I swore to benefit the first person who found out my real character. Riches are nothing to such as we are, for it lies in our power to forge the philosopher's stone, and read what is hidden from the unbeliever. Would you learn how to live? Come, then, to-night, to the haunted house in the lane. Do not mention this even to your husband, but come alone. At twelve o'clock I will unfold wonders such as you have not even dreamed of. DOMINO NOIR."

Putting it in an envelope with a heavy black border, he dropped it in the city-box, and went home a happy man.

That night he was sent to bed much earlier than usual, and cheerfully obeyed. His wife sat up reading the "Magic Circle," a new work only adapted to the "medium" classes of society.

At the precise hour appointed, Mrs. Heavy-clover, wrapped in a waterproof, knocked three times at the back-door of the house. Scarcely had she ceased, when it opened, and a tall figure in a black mask beckoned her in and led the way to the front-room. An odor of gun-powder and herrings, seasoned with tobacco-smoke—her abomination—grated on her agitated senses.

“Will it be over soon?” said the alarmed woman, on beholding only a single tallow candle burning in the centre of the table.

No reply was vouchsafed, but, pointing with his finger, the medium held up a piece of dirty parchment, on which was painted :

“MIDNIGHT SEANCE.

“Darkness.

- |     |                          |
|-----|--------------------------|
| “1. | Preparation of the body. |
| 2.  | “ “ mind.                |
| 3.  | “ “ spirit.              |

“Wonders revealed.”

With that he forced her into her seat by the table, and spread her hands out. Then extinguishing the candle, a series of knockings, rum-



blings, and raps took place, and the table began to shake.

“What am I to do?”

Rap! rap! rap! “Some of your family are about to speak. Hold on fast; we waste no time here;” and, with that, touching a spring, the cup drove thirty needles into her hands.

Screaming with pain and fright, Mrs. Heavy-clover yelled out,

“Who was that? What is this for?”

“It’s only, madam, your grandmother. That is the way real spirits shake hands. It prepares the body.”

“But it hurts, sir! I think—I—would—rather—stop.”

“Too late, now, ma’am. Look out! your grandfather is not far from here. Sit still—don’t move! The mind is now to be influenced.” And, bringing his foot down on a little stirrup, bang went the arm out from the wall against her head, knocking her over, more dead than alive.

“Stop! I can’t stand it, sir! I never met with such powerful spirits before.”

“Because I deal only with first-class agents. I would not waste time with any of your second-rate communications. You see, you must

be 'exalted' before you can comprehend the mysteries of another world."

The raps continued, and a low thunder commenced, as cannon-balls, started on inclined planes overhead, fell down like fiends fighting just above her. Faint with fear, she leaned back in her chair to recover self-command, chained to the spot by weakness and a ringing brain.

"Look out, now!" said the mask; "Lindley Murray is about to speak;" and, lighting the sponge, he swung it around. The room was still as death. Its lurid blue-and-white flame, like the fire-lapping tongue of some incensed ghoul, came each moment nearer Mrs. Heavy-clover's face. She gazed in wild astonishment, and shut her eyes. The next instant round it came still closer. This time it burnt her nose, when, starting back, the chair gave way, and she fell down all in a heap.

"Take me home! Oh, good sir, I pray you, let me go! I give it up. I am not fit for these spirits; they are too strong for me. I cannot stand it!"

"Oh, yes, you can—just as well as your poor husband his villanous treatment from you."

"Villanous treatment! Oh, William Heavy-

clover, where are you? Only release me from this fearful scene, and I will never cross you again!"

"Not so fast, my good woman. If you don't like Lindley Murray in his real presence, no more does your husband appreciate him in the abstract. It has been nothing but Murray, Murray, ever since you married him."

"But I was only trying to qualify him."

"Ah, that was it, was it? Well, how do you like being qualified in return?"

"Oh, sir, let me beg you to bring no more spirits in the room! I can't stand it!" said she, getting up with a severe strain in her back, and feeling sore all over. "It's no use trying it. I'll never mention Murray to my husband again. I promise—I swear—I never will, if you will only send them all away! Oh, my poor head, and my back! Why, it's nearly broken!" and she burst into tears.

"Humph! That's nothing, to the misery you have brought on families by your meddling propensities."

"Well, sir, I will never meddle again—I assure you, sir. I'll let them all die their own way. I never—— What's that?" she screamed, as the room was filled by a suffocating, foetid odor, and an alarm-clock rang pitilessly.

"That's the spirit of poor Harry Marvel, whom you drove to commit suicide."

"I drove him? Oh, no, sir! I assure you, you are wrong this time. I went to comfort his wife—that is all!"

"That's all, is it? Well, you see where he comes from; this is his breath you are breathing."

"But I can't breathe; I cannot live in such an atmosphere! Oh, pray, what have I done, to merit this?"

"Ruined the happiness of many and many a couple; she-devil that you are!"

"What can I do to be forgiven? Oh, Mr. Murray, if it really be you, I'll never try to interfere again! I declare, upon my sacred word and honor, I never will, if you will only let me go!"

"And you'll never trouble the spirits?"

"Yes—I mean, no—I never will consult a medium again. I've had enough—oh, I've had too much!"

"Then sign this."

"Sign—where? What is it?"

"Your recantation—your confession—that you regret the past, and will, in future, stay at home and mind your own business; that you will not goad your worthy husband any more,

or put him in the worst room in the house; or neglect your children by leaving them to grow up choked by the weeds of idleness and folly, while you pass days and weeks in the pursuit of idiotic nonsense."

He ceased speaking, and lit the candle, for his wife was very much exhausted. She took up the pen and slowly painted her name, for she could not write, her hand trembled so.

"I have signed it, sir; now, do let me go! Thank you!"

He opened the door for her, and she fled home, leaving, in her hot haste, cloak and bonnet.

Whenever the slightest attempt was made to cross his purposes by the subdued woman, Heavyclover went to his closet and brought out the missing cloak. One shake, and she subsided.





## CHAPTER XXIX.

Nothing had ever worried Eugene as much as the disappearance of Marvel's body. What in the wide world could any one find to do with a corpse more than two years old, and unfit for dissection? It had been decently buried, and with all the ceremony justifiable. His wife had mourned according to the full rigor of a fashionable quarantine. She knew nothing of this, and did not even suspect it. Perplexed beyond description, he sought now only to wind up his affairs, get married, and leave the country. Most assuredly New York did not pay.

Propinquity is a powerful ally, and Tipsell knew it; for he hovered about Cora morning, noon, and night, until, to get rid of him, she consented to accept his hand, and the day was fixed. In the eyes of the world it was an excellent match for both parties; and new dresses were ordered for the grand occasion which was shortly to take place.

Eugene had discovered, from long experi-

ence and keen observation, to use his own words, that he "was yet to see a beautiful woman marry a poor man" (he passed for rich), "or a wealthy idiot with an ugly wife. Many people would not marry for money, but, strange to say, their partners in life are always wealthy." His circumstances were becoming fearfully embarrassed. Many of his speculations had turned out badly; and, what with poverty on the one hand and arrest on the other, he rejoiced over the happy conclusion of his last interview with Cora. On hearing her answer, from the force of habit he took out his note-book and entered under the headings this his last financial transaction, as follows:

## PURCHASES.

Quantity.	Description.	Of Whom Bought.	Price.	Time.	Remarks.
The lot.	Cora.	Herself.	Love!	30 days.	Saved.

then returned to New York, wound up what was left of his business; invited Strode, whom he could not dispose of, to be groomsman, and took his passage for Europe on the 19th of the ensuing month.

Harry Marvel had not been idle while

abroad. Unwilling to live as a hidden man in Europe, he decided to visit Australia, where he could employ both mind and body, and, throwing off all disguise, work for a change. The fates were in his favor; for in a rapidly short space of time he discovered a new lead for gold on a little farm that he had bought and was cultivating in gloomy sorrow. He at once sold out to an organized company for an enormous sum of money, and looked about for another investment.

One evening, while turning over a file of old newspapers which a neighbor had sold to him, his eyes caught the paragraph about Philip Undershot's sudden disappearance, and the part Eugene Tipsell had borne in it. The article went on to say that the police had tracked the carriage to the —— Hospital, and, by dint of cross-examining non-communicative lookers-on, had ascertained to a certainty that the body had been bought by a certain party called Dr. Rowfear, of Guzzletown. Pushing the matter further, nothing had been found in *that* trunk that could convict any one. It was a blind. There must be another party.

The Spanish uncle had pressed the evidence as closely as he could; but Mr. Tipsell's lawyer quashed the first attempt at any indictment by



his former good character, his antecedents, and, above all, the absence of the body.

This brought Harry home in all possible haste ; but as only a sailing-vessel left direct for America, he was obliged to move slowly in the matter.

His residence at the cove enabled him to watch all parties ; and, by immediately putting himself in communication with the New York detective headquarters, matters matured rapidly. Getting possession of the key of the vault was no difficult job in a house that kept itself ; for Cora, since her affliction, could not settle down to little things.

The body was taken to New York in a long box, marked "Oiled Cloth," and carefully guarded by the right men. Harry determined to drive home the evidence, so that it could not be evaded this time. He thought much, and finally acted.

Still keeping up his disguise to all save the superintendent of police, he sent for Phil's attending surgeon.

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?"

"Tell me, did not Philip Undershot break his arm about three weeks before he disappeared?"

"Ycs, sir."

"And you set it?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, then, if his body was found, could you identify the arm?"

"I could ascertain, by the amount of calous and its peculiar ridge-like appearance that a united fracture presents before its extras are absorbed, that it had been broken."

"Well, sir," said the superintendent, "do so now. Which was it?"

"The right forearm. It was a bad fracture, and healed slowly."

"Here is the body; and I charge you, Dr. Titter, not to say any thing about it."

"I understand, sir. This is a professional case. That is sufficient."

"Dissect this arm, if you please, and give us the benefit of your opinion."

He did so, and replied:

"Sufficient evidence is here, gentlemen, to enable me to swear that this is exactly what I should expect to find in Mr. Undershot's arm."

"That will do, Doctor. Just step in the next room and give your testimony to our reporter."

The next person who appeared was Phil's dentist, a thin but clear-headed gentleman, who saw the fitness of things at once.

"Mr. Pucker, did you bring your account-book?"

"Yes, sir; here it is."

"Thank you! I believe you told me, yesterday, that you always kept a regular diary, and marked on the identical engraving of teeth the exact tooth that you filled; in fact, on this page of printed sets of teeth you have, for the last five years, been in the habit of marking not only the exact tooth, but the precise spot that you filled?"

"That has been and is now my habit, for I make out my bills accordingly."

"Then, if I named any of your patients, you could tell me what tooth, and how many, you filled on such and such a day?"

"Most certainly I could, sir."

"Will you turn to September 10th, 18—, and let me know who visited you that day? Mr. Jam, take down every word carefully."

Mr. Pucker unbuttoned his coat and went nearer to the gaslight; took a seat, and turned the pages carefully over till he found Thursday, September 10th.

"Do I understand you, sir, to want a full list of the persons I attended at my office that day?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, at nine A. M. I filled one tooth for Mrs. Goaty ; at ten, pulled two back-teeth for Thomas Jackson, her coachman ; half-past ten, filled two neglected teeth for Mrs. Kickshaw ; and, from eleven to one, cleaned and filled four teeth for Mr. Philip Undershot, and destroyed one nerve."

"Never mind mentioning any more at present, if you please. Do you remember Mr. Undershot ?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"However, that makes no difference. Let me see your book."

Mr. Pucker handed Mr. Wright, the superintendent, his ledger.

"I see little round and long marks on the set of teeth under the name of Mr. Undershot. Did you make those marks yourself ?"

"I did, sir."

"Couldn't any one have access to your books at any time ?"

"No, sir ; I always lock them up in my safe, for fear of mistakes."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Pucker, will you be kind enough to go into the next room with me and examine the body of a dead man ? Please be precise, and let me know if you can satisfy yourself as to the fillings of the teeth."

Mr. Pucker did so. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the delicacy of the test, for he left his book with the reporter, took a blank diagram of teeth, and, as fast as he found any thing in the way of filling, drawing, or plugging, marked it down on the new figure. When done, he handed it to the gentlemanly Mr. Wright, and asked him to compare it with the marks on his book. There were four fillings corresponding with the identical teeth on his ledger for the above-mentioned date.

"And now," said the neat little dentist, "if you will examine the index to my books, you will find many of the other teeth exactly like what I have just seen on this body." Looking very serious, he added: "Can it be possible that this is Mr. Undershot's corpse? And how in the wide world did you find it at last?"

"Pardon me for not replying to you at present, Doctor; and remember, your secrecy is under oath. The evidence is conclusive, but say not one word about it, or we may lose the villain. Gentlemen, let us have your bills for services. In the meantime, accept my thanks."



### CHAPTER XXX.

THE "cards" were out, dresses made, the match discussed, and every thing was ready.

Piper, now the sexton of the oldest church in Dearville, had refused, at first, to open its doors, saying it was a sin. "He knew enough of Eugene to make him shake in his shoes." A private interview, however, with Dr. Capomonti, and a few persuasive arguments, caused him to keep his peace, dust out the dear old pews, and closely shut the blinds on the fifteen hundred panes of glass; for the church was to be lighted, and every thing was to be on a grand scale. He could not help smiling amid his duties as he passed the gas-metre, which some wag of a plumber had facetiously stationed in the clerk's reading-desk. Flowers filled the aisle; and even the two old brass spiders that had dropped down from the ceiling over one hundred years ago, swung to and fro as though they thought a few more lights might be required in the candlestick-line.

The church was filled from gallery to transept; and every body said, "What a capital match!" "What a good idea!" "How sensible she was!" "Her old friend—his old friend.—What parties they will give, for he is very liberal!" But every body, somehow, thought, or rather felt, a sort of anxiety in their mind to get through with it; they knew not why.

The clock struck twelve. The carriage cortège drove up to the door. The wedding-march went through the same old tune. The four bridesmaids and groomsmen, with Strode as first, walked slowly up the aisle.

Cora, dressed to perfection, pale as a lily, but graceful as an air in music, moved with difficulty. She did not look down, but stared before her.

Eugene was very nervous. He tripped over the matting, and got on the wrong side, but gradually moved along with becoming ease. His color, however, was ruddy with innocent health. No one could have such a flush of youth who was not good—or had not used a few drops of oil-mustard on his cheeks that morning!

Two clergymen, connecting links in the chain of life, officiated—the one, the bride's uncle, a New Yorker; the other, to come with-

in State laws, which required a resident clergyman to legalize the ceremony.

The music ceased. There was a hush, broken only by the rustling of dresses trying to get nearer, and gloomy spinsters looking for the marriage-service, which they knew by heart.

A music-book fell from the gallery. Eugene turned around and saw Lina, dressed in black, gazing with starting orbs, but very white and quiet. There seemed a triumph in her countenance he could not comprehend. She had only time to point to heaven, when the voice of the clergyman called him to himself.

You could almost hear the beating of their hearts, as the Rev. Mr. Virtue began :

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God,” &c. He went on quietly, firmly, distinctly. As he came to those awful words—awful to the guilty—“If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace,” he paused a moment, and, with a noble dignity, looked around the vast assemblage to give ample time to any one, and cause a realization of the importance of the words.

There was a creaking movement in the pew facing the congregation, and the door opened.



All eyes turned towards the spot. Had some one fainted?—for the church was hot. No, nobody was ill; but, to the amazement of all, as Mr. Virtue was about to commence again, Dr. Capomonti came forward, with glassy eyes, leaning on a friend, and, with his right hand held high up, said audibly,

“I wish to speak!”

Strode, the first groomsman, ran hastily to him, and said,

“Be quiet, sir; this is not the time to say any thing.”

“Yes, it is. I have something to communicate.”

“Speak out, sir!” sternly said Mr. Virtue, “if you have any thing relating to the marriage, or hold your peace.”

“I have;” and, coming toward the chancel, he stood motionless.

“Do you know any just cause why this woman should not lawfully be joined to this man?”

“I do.”

“Name it now, in the sight of a just God and this assembly.” (Whispering to Cora, “Be calm, my dear! He must be crazy!”)

“Go on with the wedding!” cried out Eugene, in visible agitation, not knowing what

to do. Strode slipped towards the vestry-room.

"Hear, then, that this lady is a married woman."

"We all know that—poor thing!—Put him out! Shame!—Go on, Mr. Virtue; he's deranged. Shame!" cried a hundred voices.

"Well, sir, we know that; but her husband has been dead for nearly three years."

"It's false!"

Strode came nearer; he had nothing to do with this affair.

"How dare you say so!" exclaimed the minister. "His body lies in the cemetery-vault.—Will not some one take this cruel man away?"

"Be careful, gentlemen! Let me speak," cried Capomonti. "That body, buried over two years since, is the body of Mr. Undershot, murdered by one Eugene Tipsell. There he is!—see how he faints!—Mr. Gripe, support this spectre bridegroom. Warren, take Strode also; he will be useful at the proper time."

In a moment, two well-dressed men locked arms with both, and held them as with a vise.

"And who are you?" shouted Eugene Tipsell, scarcely able to articulate from rage and desperation.

"A man once foolish enough to suspect his wife."

"Speak out! This is a dreadful scene; do not prolong it. Declare your authority! Give proofs, or you yourself can never hold up your head again before a refined circle."

"Speak out!" cried one and all.

Cora fastened her eyes on him with a searching glance. "Tell me, do tell me, sir, does my husband still live?"

"He does, madam."

"Oh, thank God! And where is he?"

"Here!" he cried; and, pulling off his beard and good disguise, caught his loving, conquered wife, in his arms, and, kneeling down at the chancel, wept as only one in his condition could.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

It was a wild day. Lovers of gossip revelled in letter-writing; jilted daughters held their heads higher, and fluttered about the avenue with a calm consciousness of purity. Even anchorites walked about all over town; for no one could keep still.

"Such a waste of rare sensations!" said dear old Mrs. Chatter.

"Why so?" asked Miss Goadum.

"To think of a real play—almost a tragedy—coming on the Dearville stage, and the climax, all in one act! They ought to have postponed the murder-scene!"

"Not at all. I never liked that scoundrel Eugene; he was too uplifted for me. Whenever I see a man afraid of his dignity, I'm afraid of it, too. Besides, I understand he was often wanting in straightforwardness."

"Virtue may be feminine, but honor is masculine," added a young authoress. "Love, the physical soul in man, can only be kept pure by

a consciousness of doing right; and that is the reason I never believed in the sincerity of his attachment for Cora."

These people were chewing the cud of disagreeable memories. They stood high, and ought to know what was right, for they were moral; and what is morality but fashionable religion—often a veneered soul?

An earnest listener asked, "What was the finale? That is the point, after all."

"Then you have not heard all?"

"No. Do tell us!"

"Harry proved in court that the check Eugene drew for \$16,000 was a forgery. Ha! ha! very good; but you don't know the end!"

"What end? I'm sure that was easy."

"Not at all. Why, when the banker appeared in court with the paper, they produced it, but could not find a single vestige of a mark on it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Eugene always used his own pen—a fountain."

"Yes, I remember. And what of that?"

"Well, he invented a twenty-four-hours' ink, according to his desires. After that time it faded, and no one could find out the slightest trace."

"Well, I declare! So he got even with Harry, then?"

"Yes; and, what is more, when the murder-case came on, his bully of a counsel made it look at first almost as though Harry was the murderer."

"Didn't he prove his identity?"

"Oh, yes; and he showed clearly, by Mr. Bitum, that he had bought the body of Lame Jaque; but to prove that it was Mr. Undershot, at first baffled even Harry's lawyer. The surgeon's testimony, and Mr. Pucker's accurate account concerning the exact condition of Undershot's teeth, were so conclusive, that even Tip-sell's lawyer was forced to yield many points, and sought to turn the jury to some weaker spot in the evidence. It is all in yesterday's paper; let me read the Judge's speech:

"This, gentlemen of the jury, establishes the fact of the prisoner's being associated with the crime; and I am less loath to address you on the subject, when I see, as a criminal, one who did not scruple to lead many astray, and ruined an old man's daughter, unaccustomed to a city life. Besides, many of the persons now present can call to mind the time when, as if possessed of the devil, he did all in his power to convict an honest man, one who had only

striven, at the risk of his life, to save a fellow-being. But there is a retributive justice, and the sword of Damocles is about to fall. Before closing, however, I cannot pass over this subject without severely censuring one who, though above reproach, has been guilty of much domestic unhappiness ; for, had the party who feigned suicide controlled himself, and not endeavored to dictate terms to Providence, the cherished though misguided wife would have returned to her first love, and the criminal at the bar have found a speedy punishment. The revenge was selfish, for it did not confine itself to his ends. You can limit a deed, but not its effects.

“ ‘ I regret that I can only sentence Strode to imprisonment for life, as an accessory in this foul murder ; but as regards the other party, the jury having, like men, brought in a verdict of ‘ Guilty,’ the sentence of the Court is, that Eugene Tipsell be taken hence, and be hung by the neck on the third Friday in November, between the hours of twelve and four, till he is dead—dead—dead ! And may God have mercy on his soul. Remove the prisoner.’ ”

“ There was a stir—a sudden rush of officers and men towards the prisoner, but too late ; for Eugene put a pistol to his head, and sent what was left of his soul into eternity.”

If the Almighty kills a bad man, it certainly cannot be to enter heaven. What says the Universalist to this ?

As a youth, Eugene had been wild and cruel. He then reformed for a time, but soon slipped away again. It was so easy to slide down-hill ! The palimpsest of sin often appears after the lapse of years, though good deeds and noble thoughts have been written on the pages of life. Man writes over his sins ; but God wipes them out, and then they never reappear.







## CHAPTER XXXII.

AND now let us draw a curtain over the part where so many have sinned, so many suffered, and but few been happy. Let us come in with a little fretful, gouty stump of one of the rheumatic trees, while old Piper sweeps the hearth and gets the embers ready. He rolls this essence of the sun's rays into its place. Lina sits at the head of her neat tea-table, with some hot biscuits—a few Indian griddle-cakes, and a small dish of frizzled beef and scrambled eggs playing hide-and-seek with it.

“Come, father ; your supper is all ready.”

“Yes, blessing, as soon as I get this log on. You know, this is a great night.”

“No ; is it, though ? Why, what is going to happen ?”

“Nothing, blessing ; but something happened this time several years ago.”

“What was it, father ?”

“My poor, forsaken, lonely, erring, and repentant child came back to cheer her father's

sad, suspicious home. God heard my prayers, and brought her to me."

"Don't speak of it, father. I feel, even now, as though I ought to go out into the world, to warn the young and cheer the sick."

"But, my deary, you can do that without leaving home. See, now, what a beautiful blaze is playing all round that log!"

"Yes, father; even the poor, like us, can be happy, if they are only good."

"And leave it all to God, my child."

\* \* \* \* \*

Come with us again, and take a parting look at another picture.

Cora is playing on the piano those airs she loved most when Harry first married her. No longer is he fed with sugar-coated lies, the insidious deceit of a spoiled woman. She acts now towards her blessed husband like mercury controlling gold in the refining of it. Little Cora and Minnie are both seated on ottomans by their mother's side; while Harry leans back in his easy-chair and plays "See-saw, Margery Daw" with something very like a doll—a speaking doll—but then, it smiles; and only that which is made in God's image can smile. It is a child—his—their boy—bright, healthy, happy; and as Cora stops playing, and turns round

to kiss its little dimples, while she throws her arms about papa's neck and thanks him for his severe lesson, her eyes are filled with tears, those dew-drops of the soul.

Harry put his arm around her slender waist, and, looking up, with a face as happy as a full-grown boy's, says,

"Cora, darling, we will not part again, till called away to higher spheres; will we, dearest?"

And, as tenderly as woman's softest thought, she nestles on his shoulder, and whispers in his ear,

"NEVER!"

THE END.

Ms.  
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